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MOVING PICTURE STORIES

Oct 7, 1930
Vol. 37, No. 855

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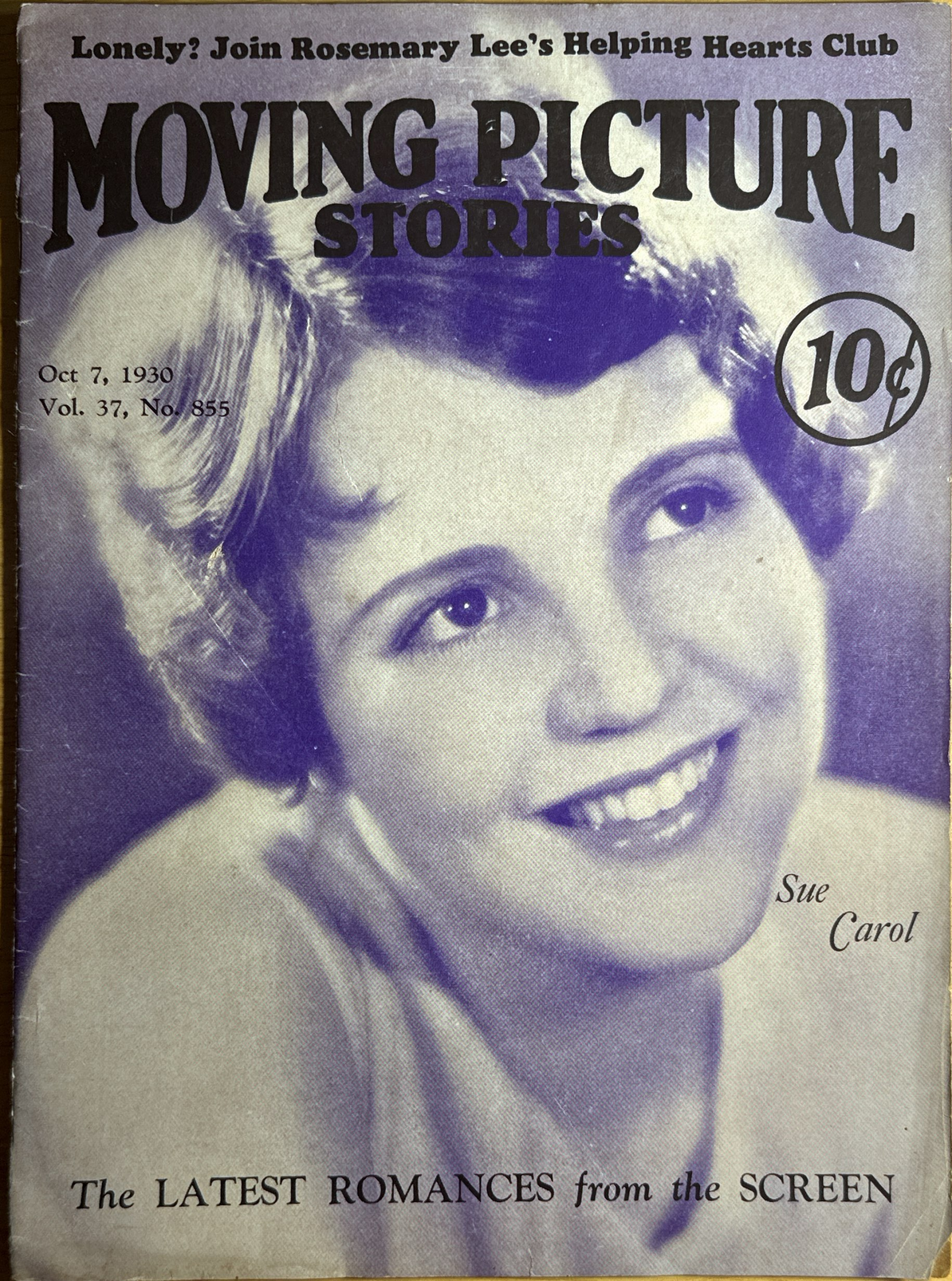

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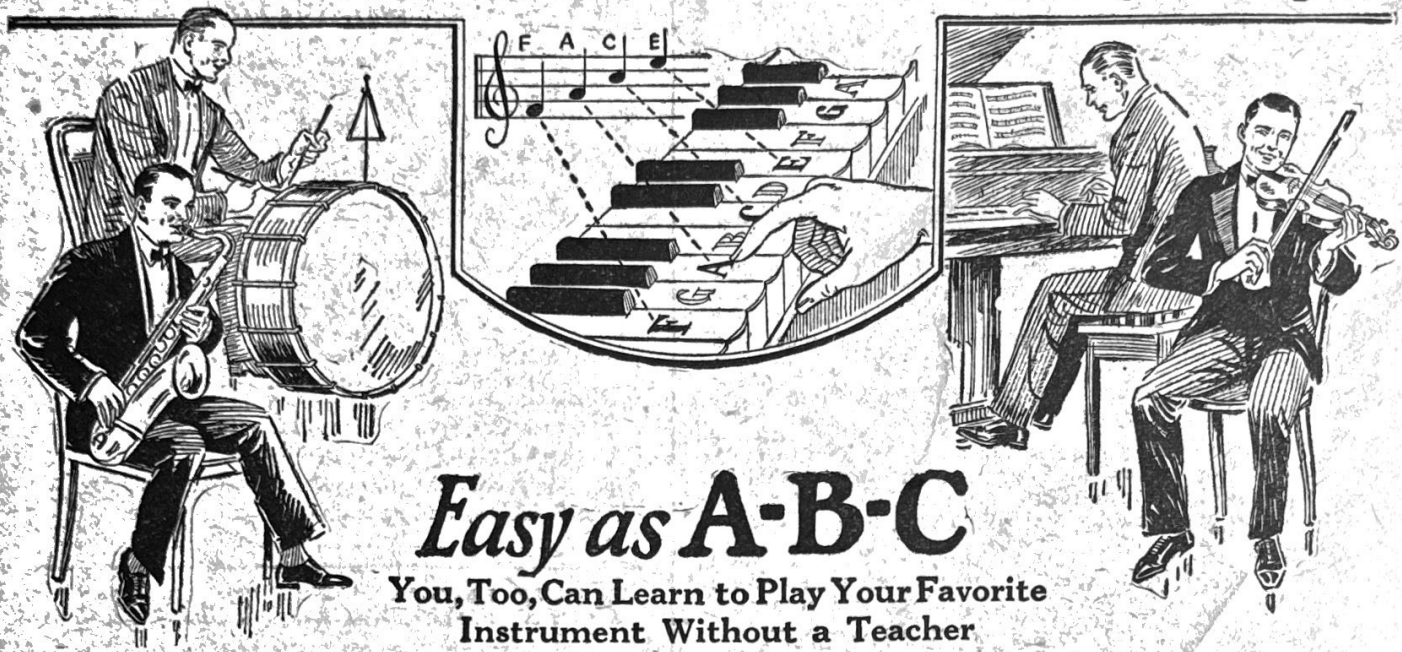

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VOL. XXXVII No. 855 OCT. 7, 1930

Moving Picture Stories

ETHEL ROSEMON, Editor ISSUED EVERY OTHER TUESDAY

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Sweethearts On Parade

By ETHEL ROSEMON

The job Nita picked was a sort of sister act. Helen sat in a tub, while Nita described the superior qualities of the latest bath spray.

HELEN CLARK had always wanted to go to a big city. Back on the farm she had dreamed of the bright lights, the beautifully gowned women, the debonair men, the honk honk of constantly passing automobiles and, when she had saved up seventy-five dollars, she started out on the great adventure, for hadn't a clairvoyant who visited Juneville, her home town, told her that she would go to the city, marry a millionaire and have three automobiles? It would be like flying in the face of fate if she did not take her courage in hand and do her part toward making the prophecy come true.

But seventy-five dollars doesn't go very far in San Francisco, in any big city, in fact. There was room rent to pay, meals to buy and Helen had not been able to resist the temptation to treat herself to a couple of plays—and the job she had thought would be waiting for her with open arms was not forthcoming. Her last dime went for a cup of coffee. The following day she had to content herself with looking in at the bakeshop windows where the display of delicacies, even of plain white bread, had never seemed so alluring. In desperation she wandered out to the park where the marine band was playing.

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Helen made her choice and returned to Bill the little crystal ring he had given her.

Perhaps the music would make her forget the pangs of hunger. Besides, one could sit down in the park and no one would suspect that one was too weak to stand any longer.

As she sat there listening to the mocking cry of the hot dog vender, she was suddenly overwhelmed by the terrifying fear that comes to a country girl who finds herself alone in a big city without friends and without money. All around her, people were gay and merry, little suspecting the troubled thoughts that were racing through the pretty blonde head topped by the fetching little hat. A light step sounded on the path before her and she looked up to meet the laughing gaze of a merry girl who was clasping in her hands an overgrown hot dog and a bottle of soda pop. Perhaps Helen's hunger and longing shone in her eyes as they rested on the roll in the newcomer's hand. Anyway, the other girl gave her a friendly smile and sat down beside her.

"Never did like hot dogs," she began. "I don't know why I was fool enough to buy one. But it does seem kind of wasteful to throw it away, doesn't it?"

"Yes—it does," Helen assented with an eager little catch in her voice.

"I suppose I'm superstitious, too," the other girl went on, "but ma always said, for every piece of bread you throw away, you'll starve a week. Gee, I don't want to starve a week! Suppose you finish this for me, kid," she suggested with the air of asking a favor.

As Helen munched the sandwich, her new acquaintance adroitly drew out her story. She, herself, was out of a job but she was familiar with the big city, knew all the ropes, so she immediately took the younger girl under her wing. She'd look for jobs for both of them and they could live together. It really wasn't right for an inexperienced youngster from the country—especially such a pretty one—to be turned loose in the big city.

A man on a bench across the way was reading a paper. Of course, he had no need for the "Help Wanted-Female" column, so, with a friendly little smile, Nita, the newcomer, borrowed it.

It was her lucky day, so it seemed, for there, at the top of the column, was the Bay City Department Store's ad—and Nita knew the fellow who did the hiring there. With instructions to Helen to sit there until she returned, she assumed her most business-like air and started off in the direction of the city's main street.

BUT Helen did not have the bench to herself for long. A sailor wandering leisurely through the park spied the golden hair, the appealing brown eyes, and the next minute he was seated beside her. But Grandpa Lobbysheimer back in Juneville had told her never to speak to strange sailors and she was beginning to think that grandpa was right in many things. Hadn't he warned her of the dangers of a big city? She rebuffed the sailor's advances as best she could—with her limited knowledge of the world and men. Soon a marine sauntered up. Here was a pretty girl in trouble. Such a situation was meat for a marine. In no uncertain terms he ordered the sailor about his business. But where lives there a sailor who calmly takes orders from a marine? One word led to another and, when words failed, fists began to fly. A crowd of loiterers soon gathered—and, in the midst of the mêlee, Nita arrived. She did not need Helen's panicky explanation to acquaint her with the situation. This was no place for two girls. Besides, she had landed jobs for both of them and they must be on their way. In

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This is an adaptation of Columbia Pictures' screen presentation of the story by Al Cohn and James Starr. Colin Clements wrote the scenario and Marshall Neilan directed, with Alice White appearing as Helen, Lloyd Hughes as Bill, Marie Prevost as Nita, Kenneth Thomson as Hendricks, Ray Cooke as Hank, Wilbur Mack as Parker, Ernest Wood as Denham and Max Asher as the store manager.

spite of Helen's protests that she had not given her hero marine her address, she hustled her off to the Bay State Department Store.

And Nita had selected her job well. It was a sort of sister act. Helen was to sit in the store's show window in a bath tub and demonstrate the new sprayer designed to have all the advantages of a built-in shower and none of its disadvantages. And Nita in her snappy way was to talk to the crowd the manager was sure would not fail to gather.

He was right. The girls had not been in the window ten minutes before the pedestrians had to pass by in the gutter in front of the Bay State Store. And in the crowd were the sailor and the marine who had come to blows in the park. When they spied each other, the marine greeted:

"Oh, so it's you, is it, flatfoot?"

"Sure it's me, leatherneck," the sailor returned. "I've been looking for you."

"Now you've found me, what you're going to do about it?" the other inquired.

"I'm going to kiss you with my left mitt."

The sailor raised his hand as if to strike and the crowd, ripe for excitement, began to jeer. In the background, a tough called out:

"Somebody throw out the gob!"

"Tie a can to the marine!" a second added.

Now the reputation of the entire government was at stake and the rival factions joined hands to defend it, their personal grievances forgotten in the common cause.

"Shall we clean 'em up, big boy?" the marine queried.

"You bet!" the sailor answered enthusiastically.

Then a regular battle ensued. When it was ended, two frightened girls were clinging to each other in the store window which now resembled the wide open spaces, for the heavy plate glass was in smithereens on the sidewalk. The police arrived and everything was over but the shouting—and the proprietor of the store did that. But, anyway, the window was insured and, when he bethought himself of that fact, his scowl of rage turned into a smile of satisfaction. Maybe there'd even be a profit! The defenders of the government were permitted to go their way—which they decided to do together, not, however, before they had obtained the address of the two girls.

THIS was the beginning of the merry quartet that spent all their play hours together. Both boys had saved their money in anticipation of a gay time on shore and they left no beach, no park, no dance hall unvisited. Bill, as the marine was named, devoted himself to Helen, while Hank found his weakness in the wise-cracking Nita. With Bill, the affair soon took on a serious aspect. He had never met a real country girl before. Helen's innocence awoke all the protective instinct in the handsome young marine and he was soon urging her to wear a little crystal and follow it by a circle that would proclaim her his for life. But Helen wasn't sure she wanted to marry Bill. He was always ready for a fight at the slightest provocation and a fighting husband had not entered into her dream of the big city. But Bill promised to quiet the fighting spirit, to control the ready fists, and, at last, she gave him the hope that perhaps the next time he came to shore she would take a little trip to the minister's with him.

IT was at a dance hall one night when the boys had left the table to buy sodas for the girls and Nita had remembered a neglected telephone call that Hendricks, a wealthy young man about town, and his companion, Parker, discovered golden-haired Helen seated alone.

"You bet your boots you'll go on with the wedding. You'll marry her—and like it."

Both men wanted a little diversion. Here was their chance. They made a wager. Parker was to try to make the girl's acquaintance. If he failed, he was to leave the ground open for the more finished—if slower—technique of his friend.

The plan worked out just as Hendricks had figured it would. Helen was plainly annoyed by Parker's advances. Then Hendricks stepped up. He apologized profusely for the annoyance his friend had caused her and excused him on the plea of too much liquor. When Bill and Hank returned, they found him leaning over the girl in a manner which he had intended to be protective but which Bill found very annoying. He forgot his promise to calm the fighting spirit and in another moment the place was in an uproar, all the male customers who loved to fight joining in without knowing what it was all about. The result was that Bill and Hank were turned over to the police by the manager, for Hendricks was one of the best spenders at the night club. Solicitously he offered the use of his car to the two girls to take them home and, when Helen gave him the address for the chauffeur, he made a mental note of it for—future use.

"You'll see about the boys?" she asked as she leaned out of the car window. "Bill's boat is sailing in the morning."

Hendricks gave his promise. The sooner Bill's boat sailed with Bill aboard, the better pleased he would be.

THIS was the beginning of the carefully planned siege of the unsophisticated little country girl by the man about town. Dinners and theatres were nightly occurrences. The little apartment was turned into a flower garden and Helen was swept off her feet, for Hendricks knew his prey, realized the girl's timidity and by neither looks nor gesture did anything to put her on

(*Continued on page* 24)

Good Intentions

David Cresson was blindly, overwhelmingly in love with one of society's most charming debutantes.

DAVID CRESSON had entered society to get what he could out of it but society had turned the tables with the aid of a certain little winged god. Now he was blindly, overwhelmingly in love with one of its most charming debutantes, Helen Rankin. Helen, too, was plainly interested in the handsome, suave newcomer who seemed to be possessed of unlimited wealth, the source of which was as mysterious as the man's entrance into the charmed circle had been. What society leader had first introduced him? Who had vouched for him at the exclusive clubs? No one could answer these questions; in fact, no one asked them, so completely was the exclusive set under the charm of the newcomer.

And, for the first time in his life, David Cresson wished that he were in some other line than the racket which his keen mind and his engaging personality made so simple. Easy money and the luxuries it brought were great things to have, but were they really the proper things to offer a high-minded girl like Helen Rankin? When he was to see her, the most carefully planned robbery, the job that would net him thousands of dollars faded into insignificance before the thought that he would soon be gazing into her dark eyes, listening to the music of her voice.

The morning that "Flash" Norton, his head lieutenant, stopped at his apartment to discuss the biggest job of the year, David accorded him but wandering attention, for Helen, accompanied by her aunt, Mrs. Huntington, had promised to drop in for a few moments on the way to rehearsal of a wedding which was to be the society event of the year. When the butler announced that the two ladies had arrived and were in the drawing-room, David gave hurried orders to Norton, whose fingers had been wandering idly over the organ in the adjoining music-room, to keep on playing until the ladies had gone. As he went forward to meet his guests, the light of pleasure in Helen's eyes matched his own as she held out her hand with the laughing question:

"Do you like me as a bridesmaid?"

"Oh, you're perfect, Helen," he returned, his glowing gaze of admiration fixed on the lovely girlish figure. "But you're more like a bride than a bridesmaid."

"Oh, I want to look my best," the girl returned happily. "I think everyone will be at this wedding. I wish you were going, David."

"I?" he smiled, his thoughts whimsically playing with the reason why he would not be there. "Oh, no, no, no. There are too many people staring, too much excitement. You know, Helen, that is not my idea of a wedding. I like something kind of—more quiet and—and less fuss—like—a—I have it. There is a little town on the seacoast in the Southern part of France. I've even forgotten it's name. It's as quiet as a country lane. You know—almost deserted, just a few villagers around. It has a quaint charming little church and you can just faintly hear the rumbling of the surf on the shore."

A look of surprise lighted the girl's eyes. She had never known before that David had a romantic streak. Then she bethought herself of the real reason for her call, to ask him if he would release her from the engagement she had with him that evening. An old friend, Richard Holt, a chap who had been playing polo in the Argentine, had returned to the city that morning and

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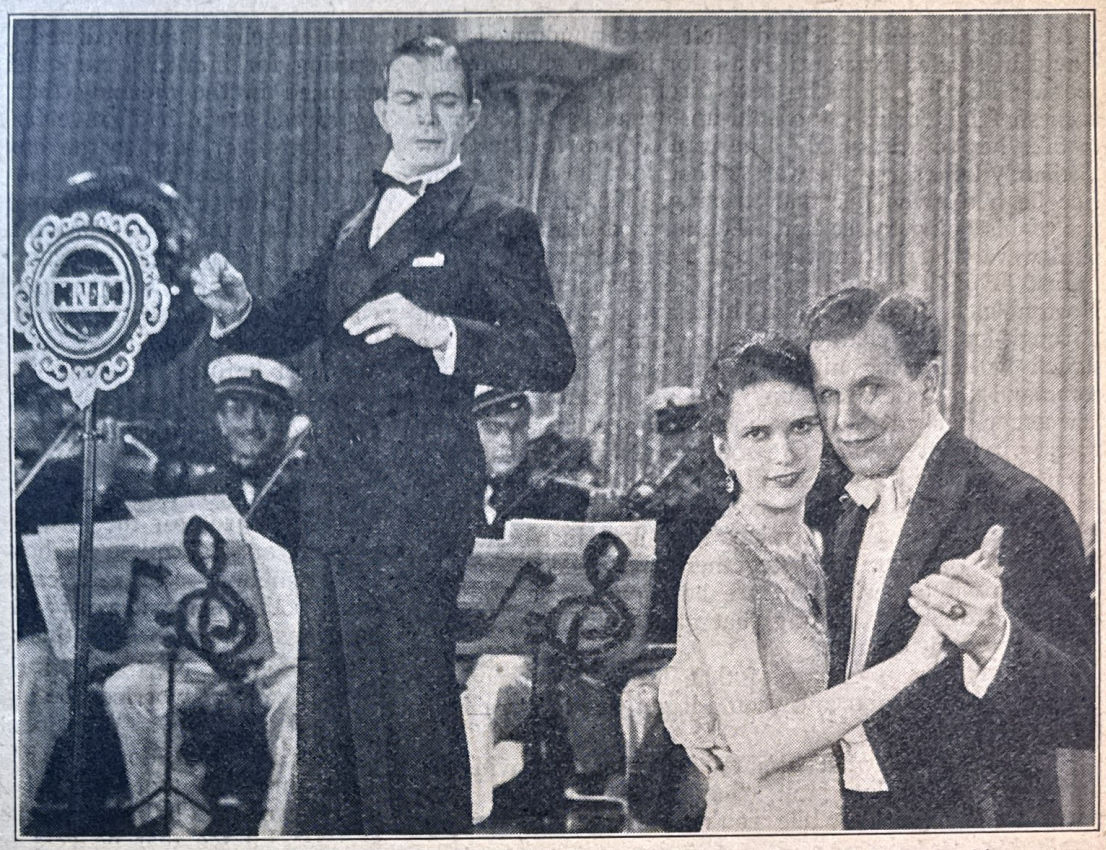
This is an adaptation of the William Fox screen presentation of the story by William K. Howard. George M. Watters wrote the scenario and Mr. Howard directed, with Edmund Lowe appearing as David Cresson, Marguerite Churchill as Helen Rankin, Regis Toomey as Richard Holt, Earle Foxe as "Flash" Norton, Eddie Gribbon as "Liberty Red," Robert McWade as Cyrus Holt, Georgia Caine as Mrs. Huntington, Owen Davis, Jr., as Bud Finney, Pat Somerset as Babe Gray, J. Carrol Naish as Charlie Hatrick, Henry Kolker as the butler and Hale Hamilton as Franklin Graham.

By
ROSEMARY
LEE



Norton gazed with calculating eyes at the fortune in jewels worn by Helen Rankin.

had insisted upon seeing her. Reluctantly David released her from the engagement, with the promise to drop in early in the evening, just for a glimpse of her.

THAT afternoon one of the most daring robberies in criminal history took place, with the first scene laid in the church where Helen was bridesmaid to her best friend. Three young men, presumably ushers, quietly approached Cyrus Holt, president of the city's largest bank, and told him that a confidential messenger was waiting to see him outside. Unsuspecting, Holt accompanied them to the vestibule, only to find it deserted. He felt the pressure of steel against his side and heard the whispered warning that an outcry would mean instant death. He was bundled into an automobile, driven to his own bank and ushered up to his own private office, while patrons and bank clerks conducted the business of the day, little dreaming of anything unusual in the entrance of the president and the three nattily attired men. In the vice-president's office, which they passed on the way down the aisle, sat David Cresson, calmly arranging a business transaction with the bank official. The clerk who received the message from Holt's office to deliver to him at once certain negotiable bonds saw nothing unusual in the transaction, nor did the exit of the three young men who had accompanied the president elicit any more than a passing glance from the bank employees. Young Richard Holt, who had come in to call on his uncle and had stopped on the way to chat with the vice-president and was presented to David Cresson, greeted the announcement that his uncle was in conference with three patrons and would not be able to see him for a while as the usual occurrence. When Holt was finally found at his desk, bound and gagged, it was too late to apprehend the robbers. Their cleverness and daring would probably make this hold-up just another unsolved mystery.

THAT same night, as Flash Norton conducted his orchestra at the Club Nocturne, he caught a glimpse of the costly jewels worn by Helen Rankin as she dined and danced with young Holt. The necklace alone was worth running the risk of a hold-up. He summoned three of the gang, Budd, Babe and Charlie, who had participated in the afternoon's robbery, and ordered them to follow the car when the young couple left the club and relieve the girl of the fortune she was wearing.

Flash had long had his eyes on David Cresson's job as leader of the gang and was glad that the absence of his chief permitted him to "pull" one alone. He intended to divide the spoils and at the same time to emphasize the fact that this was one haul made without Cresson's aid. Later that night when he and the boys visited David's apartment and proudly displayed their loot, the leader's eyes opened in astonishment at sight of the jewel he, himself, had clasped on Helen's neck during his call at her home early that evening. He angrily berated the men for attempting anything without orders from him.

"What was the big idea of sending those boys after Miss Rankin?" he asked when the others had gone out to the car to wait for Norton.

"How was I to know it was Miss Rankin?" the other countered.

"You saw her here this morning," David reminded.

"Sure," Norton admitted, his eyes shifting. "But I was busy playing the organ for that love scene you put on with her to take much notice."

"Oh, I know what you're trying to do, trying to grab the spotlight, trying to impress those kids," Cresson said.

"Well, what's so dumb about that?" Norton grumbled. "We make great plans to take in the wealthy Rankin family and then you grow sentimental and get stuck on the girl."

At that moment Richard Holt was announced and David instructed Norton to wait for him in an adjoining room. The boy brought news from Helen. She had been so frightened by the hold-up, it had been necessary to take her to a hospital. She wanted him to know immediately how sorry she was she had lost the lovely necklace he had given her that evening. No, there was no use of his going to see her. The instructions at the hospital were that she must be kept perfectly quiet.

Just as Holt started to leave, he was amazed to see Norton back into the room, his hands above his head, a rough-looking character in a worn overcoat and a slouch hat covering him with his gun. With a sharp command to "stick 'em up" to Cresson and Holt, the newcomer backed the three men into a corner while he quickly frisked them. Cresson and Norton recognized the newcomer at once, Liberty Red, a former member of the gang, but, for the benefit of Holt, David assumed innocence and, to Red's explanation, "I've just been itching to get you two mugs together," returned:

"I don't know who you are but you'll save yourself a lot of trouble by putting that gun back in my pocket and getting out of here."

"Just give me my share of that Trinity bond gag you pulled this afternoon and then I'll get out of here," the man returned.

"I don't know what he's talking about," David still persisted, addressing Holt, "but I'll handle him. I'm sorry this happened while you're around. I'll see you tomorrow."

"No, I don't know what I'm talking about," Red repeated putting his hand in Cresson's pocket and bringing forth the loot the gang had just brought to David and he had hurriedly slipped into his pocket at the announcement that Holt was calling. "Just a Jewelry salesman running around with a lot of nicknacks!"

Young Holt's eyes opened in astonishment as he saw Helen's jewelry and his own that had been taken from them that same evening.

The next moment by a clever ruse, Cresson obtained possession of Red's gun and took command of the situation. He directed Holt to wait for him in an adjoining room, then turned his attention to Red. The latter had come over from Europe in the steerage to get even with the chief. The gang had pulled a big job on the other side and had sailed away, leaving Red stranded there. This was news to Cresson, for he had given Red's share to Norton to deliver to him—and Norton had pocketed it. When Red received the explanation and the information that Holt was not a new member of the gang as he had believed at first, he was all contrition for having given the chief away. If there was anything he could do to make amends, Cresson was to tell and, no matter how risky it was, he would undertake it. But David readily forgave him. Under the circumstances, the man's anger and his desire for revenge were only natural. He would probably have done the same thing himself. He told Red to make himself comfortable for the night and they would discuss the affair in the morning. At that time, he would deal with Norton, also. For the present he dismissed him and turned his attention to young Holt. He advised him to stay at his apartment for the night. He knew that the rest of the gang would be waiting to get him, for the information he had would mean their immediate arrest and they would stop at nothing to prevent that information from getting to headquarters. Holt consented but, after Cresson and his butler had retired, stole out of the apartment.

As the chief had predicted, Norton and the boys were waiting for him in a car outside. When the butler announced in the morning that the young man had disappeared, David had grave fears for his safety. His first visit, however, was to the home of Helen Rankin. He entered just as Norton, who had gone to the Rankin home on the pretense of conveying the club's regrets for the hold-up that had taken place the previous night, was confiding in her that he thought they had the instigator, a very clever man who moved in the best society. Helen was delighted to see David and introduced him to Norton. Neither man gave any indication that they had ever met before.

"Mr. Norton has been telling me that he thinks he knows who is responsible for the hold-up last night," Helen explained.

"There, there, don't you worry your pretty little head," David soothed, for the girl, who had returned from the hospital only a couple of hours before, was still white and trembling. "I'll take care of everything. And you won't bother her, will you?" He turned to Norton. "I'll be over at the club later this evening to see you."

As soon as Norton had departed, Helen turned to David with a worried look. She hadn't heard from young Holt all day. What could have happened to him?

"You love him, don't you?" David questioned quietly. The faint flush that mantled the girl's cheek gave him his answer. "I'll bring him back here tonight, Helen, at least I'll see that he gets back here. Are you sure you love him?"

"I'm sure, David," she said. There was a pause. "What are you thinking of?" she questioned, noticing the far-away look in his eyes.

"Oh, of a lot of things, nice things, lovely things, things I never knew before I met you. It would take me years to tell you—and I haven't got much time. Goodby, dear."

He leaned over and kissed her lightly, then hurried from the room.

THAT night Cresson went to the Club Nocturne in search of Norton. Yes, Holt was there, the latter admitted, upstairs, but he advised Cresson not to attempt to go up to see him. But the leader would not take his advice. He rushed up the stairs and found young Holt closely guarded by Babe. Cresson, who had dashed in quickly with his gun drawn, covered the gangster while he ordered Holt to get out by means of the fire escape, promising to meet him in the street below. The boy's head had just disappeared when Norton rushed into the room. Their guns spat fire and Norton crumpled to the floor. With his usual smile on his lips, David Cresson walked out in the hall, his hand pressed to his side, his face twitching with pain at every step. Halfway down, he met his faithful butler, Thomas, who, worried for his master's safety, had rushed to the club.

"Are you all right, sir? Has anything happened, sir? What's wrong?" he asked breathlessly.

"Nothing, Thomas," Cresson smiled wanly. Then the wound in his side sent a stab of pain through his whole body and he sank to the floor and rolled limply down the steps. Thomas knelt down and raised his head. The eyes were glassy now but the lips still curled in a mischievous smile. "They ought to have those stairs fixed."

His head fell forward and his whole body stiffened. David Cresson, gentleman gangster, had kept his promise. He had sent the boy safely back to the girl who loved him.

And He Might Have Been An Engineer!

By BETH BOYD

BECAUSE he looked like a Latin, Ronald Colman was given the role of the young Italain lover in "White Sistet", which brought to the screen the romantic hero of a million fans; but he is English born and bred. His father was a silk merchant and Ronald was born in a charming suburban home in Richmond, just out of London. The date was February 9th, 1891.

Mr. and Mrs. Colman decided that the small son should be an engineer. Robert Louis Stevenson's parents decided the same thing for him. His father was one of the famous structural engineers of Great Britain. But Stevenson ended writing colorful tales of adventure in the far South Seas. Ronald Colman is Prince of Romance in Hollywood and one of the screen's first actors. Parents propose and genius disposes.

However, preparatory to the engineering career, Master Colman was to go to Oxford, and to prepare for Oxford he was sent to Hadley School at Littlehampton, Sussex. There, like scores of other boys, he played in the school's amateur theatricals. To his own surprise he made a hit in Shaw's comedy, "Fanny's First Play,"

Ronald Colman suggests a vast estate with well-stocked stables and far-reaching hospitality.

Ronald's latest release is "Raffles", with our favorite, Kay Francis, lending her smooth beauty to the scene.

and for the first time wondered if acting might not be a more attractive career than engineering. He was about fourteen at this time.

It was not long afterward that the elder Colman passed away, leaving his financial affairs so involved that Ronny had to leave school and go to work. Oxford and the engineering courses faded into impossibilities and Ronny became an office boy in a London shipping firm at a salary of $2.50 a week. His present salary is something like 3,000 times that amount.

By 1914 Ronny was making twelve dollars weekly as junior accountant. And then came the War. Young Colman was one of the famous "First Hundred Thousand" to enlist and go to France. He fought in the first Battle of Ypres in which the English distinguished themselves and lost many men. Colman came through feeling like a seasoned veteran but unharmed. An injury in what is known as "non-combatant service" ended his soldiering a year later. At Malines he was knocked down by the explosion of a shell and his ankle was so badly crushed that further active service was out of the question and he was invalided home.

In London, Colman decided to enter the Consular Service. While his application was under consideration, he met at some war-time bazaar the noted actress, Lena Ashwell. She thought him a type that would just fit into a play she was rehearsing and suggested his trying it.

At the first rehearsal Colman found he was to portray a dark-skinned Oriental who blew the trumpet at some psychological point in the play. His brilliant dark eyes alone had impressed Miss Ashwell.

However, it was a taste of the real stage. The young actor was now eager to do other parts. Because he was young and good-looking, they came his way. He played with Gladys Cooper in "The Misleading Lady" and in the Brieux drama, "Damaged Goods."

Then came a screen offer.

This was in the since-famous period when pictures

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During the filming of Old English, George Arliss and Leon Janney became great pals. The star's delight was to find some new mechanical toy to take to the Warner Brothers' Studio for the youngster. And Leon's delight, next to receiving the toy, was to proffer a lozenge in return, then mischievously tuck it into the side of his mouth and skip off with the grin that is endearing him to the picture public.

IS THERE money in the movies? Verily—unless Dame Rumor has lost all respect for the truth, for she has it that there is a hundred grand waiting to be collected by the fortunate person who can write an acceptable story for the lovely Billie Dove. Howard Hughes, young many-times-a-millionaire producer of "Hell's Angels", which, by the way, is running simultaneously at two Broadway houses and, it is said, may open at a third, is reported to be offering that amount. If only one could write that story—and then see the world, not through a port hole, either. And you never can tell who'll hit the target. For instance, there's Jane Hinton, a twenty-one-year-old college girl, who has sold her first story, "The Devil Was Sick," to First National. Well, that's enough to make any little devil, good or otherwise, get well in double-quick time. When the story reaches the screen, it may be, "The Dark Angel Is Indisposed". But who cares?

Often looked about for the most convenient place to carry your beauty when you weren't applying it to your face? Mary Doran has discovered it. An extra band around the hat and, presto, you have a traveling drug store! Wonder why the bootleggers have never thought of that. But maybe they have!

That's That

WHERE—not how—to live was the problem that confronted the Cedric Gibbonses (Dolores Del Rio and her husband) when they returned from their honeymoon. Dolores owns two houses and Cedric one—and is building a second, a wide sweeping Spanish palazzo in Santa Monica, which ought to be an ideal setting for the lovely, dark-eyed star from Mexico. They finally decided to establish their residence, for the present, at least, in Cedric's new shack, in which a special wing will house the bride's valuable collection of antiques. Well, anyway, here's one worry the rest of us are spared.

* * *

MARRIAGES of all professional folks are not just for a day. Take the Gleasons, Jimmy and his popular wife, Lucille. They recently celebrated their twenty-fourth wedding anniversary with a party at their Beverly Hills home. My, but the movies are getting old-fashioned! Pretty soon the boy-friend will be asking the girl-friend's father before he elopes with her.

* * *

REMEMBER the days when you couldn't wait for the next week to come around to find out if the hero rescued Pearl White from the burning building or knocked out the leader of the gang and cut the ropes and removed the gag that rendered the beautiful heroine helpless—and silent? Well, before long you'll have a chance to wait just as anxiously for the next week to come around, for Pathé is starting work on "The New Perils of Pauline" and "The New Exploits of Elaine". The original "perils" and "exploits" were released way back in 1914 and, of course, both perils and exploits undergo changes in sixteen years. If they don't "go native", they are pretty sure to "go modern". It will be interesting to see what new tricks they are up to now.

* * *

THE late Rudolph Valentino put the word "sheik" into the English language. Roland West is now considering remaking that popular picture as a talkie with Chester Morris in the rôle portrayed by the late

By
RUTH RAND

popular star. This will give the producer a splendid opportunity to check up on our friend Shakespeare when he said, "The play's the thing." And what an opportunity for a small house to show the silent version while the talking is in progress around the corner at the more pretentious house. Well, Roland West proved himself a first-class picker when he placed his faith in Chester Morris. That boy's good and his popularity is increasing with every mail—yes, and female, too—and especially.

* * *

WHEN "Hell's Angels" opened, one heard several murmers in the audience, among them, "Who is she?" "Where did she come from?" "She's strong on looks." The *she* referred to was, of course, the girl. No one had seen her before—and few had ever heard of her. It was just another of those "glass slipper" stories that keep hope burning in the hearts of young America's beautiful youth. The picture, as you probably know—perhaps you have heard your grandmother mention the fact—was started many moons ago. Then the talkies turned the cinema world upside down and producer Howard Hughes decided to scrap his silent angels and buy some talking ones, instead. Angels come high, but what are a few hundred thousands to a man whose income reads not like a telephone number but like the whole telephone book? Greta Nissen had the lead at that time but, though that particular blond-haired little beauty may be an angel, she fell from that part of the blue heaven reserved for the Scandinavian contingent — and that would never do. Then began the search for a blond angel minus an accent. Scores of tests were made and scores of voices tried.

Then one day, the hero, Ben Lyon, happened to be wandering over the Christie lot—no, we don't know where Bebe was at that time—and he spied an extra pretty extra girl. Still no Bebe! He learned that her name was Jean Harlow. He told his big boss about her, a test was made and Jean landed the part—her first important one.

The new find is variously reported to have come to California from both Chicago and Kansas City. You pays your money and you takes your choice. Anyway, what does it matter? The locale of the picture isn't laid in either place.

Perhaps you have seen a lovelier picture of youth and its dream. We haven't. These faces look almost too idealistic to be real. But they are. Take it from the Warner Brothers' cameramen—and they say cameras never lie, even if the cameramen, themselves, are only human. These dream faces belong to Lucille Powers and Phillip Holmes, the youthful lovers in "Barber John's Boy".

Ever wondered how to consume an artichoke according to Hoyle? Cease wondering! Elliott Nugent, appearing with Greta Garbo in "Romance", illustrates the delicate operation. It's a serious business, too, if we are to judge from the concentration on the face of the well-known stage family's offspring.

* * *

CANINE actors on the screen have just the same road to travel as human players.

Twelve years ago Buddy was a star among picture dogs. He made his own two-reel comedies and was famous the world over. Now he's old. And, just as human actors, when they get old, go from romantic leads to character rôles—so has Buddy. Today he is playing "old man" parts in the "all-barkie" comedies at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. In the newest, "All Quiet on the K9 Front", he appears as the old mayor of a French village.

The lure of pictures is still strong in him, and he acts as eagerly as younger dogs, and, in fact, is fully as agile. His son, Buddy, Jr., in-

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The Flirting Widow

by HELEN HOYT

Everyone came rushing into the room, overwhelming Celia with questions and delight.

"OH, IT'S hopeless, Bobby," Phyllis said desperately. "Father will never let us get married as long as Celia remains single. It's a silly old custom, you know, but, in olden times, if the younger sister got married first, the other had to wear green stockings at her wedding. Father let Celia wear them once—figuratively speaking, of course, you know—when Evelyn got married. But he'll never let her do it again. Oh, dear, I guess I'll be an old maid all my life, for Celia doesn't show any signs of ever becoming engaged. What are we going to do? Can't you think of anyone who might marry her? She really is a dear, you know."

Then Bobby had one of his bright ideas.

"There's Raleigh. He comes to the house all the time. He doesn't come to see you and he doesn't come to see Evelyn. There's nobody left but Celia. Perhaps he'll help us out."

This was a matter for immediate action and the two youngsters went into conference at once with the man they had elected to be Celia's husband. At first Raleigh was struck breathless by the idea. Marry? Marry Celia? Why, he hadn't thought of such a thing! But, now that he had, it wasn't a bad idea at all, by Jove! What made him come to the Faraday house so often anyway? It must be Celia! Yes, and he had never guessed it!

The youngsters were in seventh heaven. Their only regret was that Bobby had not thought of this plan sooner. Of course, Celia would consent! No girl wants to be an old maid all her life. Raleigh was a trifle simple-minded, they admitted. But, then, a simple-minded husband is better than no husband at all.

CELIA had been spending a week at Southampton, meeting young officers on the eve of sailing for far ports, but not surrendering in the least to the pathos and romance of parting. She had a healthy scorn for sentiment, anyway.

Breezy and brown from the seashore sun and wind, she arrived home that evening to find the family gathered for bridge with Raleigh and Bobby. Everyone, including Aunt Ida, seemed on edge. Raleigh puzzled her. There was a new note in his greeting. Presently, when the others had adjourned to the bridge table, Phyllis and Bobby explained.

"You see, father won't let us get married until you do and we have a plan." Phyllis felt terribly uncertain about it, now that they were broaching it to Celia, so she added wistfully. "You won't try to stop Bobby and me from being happy, will you?"

"Of course not!" Celia was sisterly and reassuring. "But just what are you two driving at?"

"Well, this is the idea," Phyllis went on. "Bobby and I have arranged for Raleigh to propose. Oh, Celia, you will marry him, won't you?"

"What!" This was incredible! Of all impossibilities, Raleigh for a husband! Celia exploded. "Absurd!" she cried.

Phyllis at once dissolved in tears. It was all over! She and Bobby could never hope for happiness together! Bobby, himself, was worried. With his arms about his weeping little fiancée, he tried to comfort her. They both looked so miserable that good-hearted Celia was almost tempted. What could she do? There must be some other solution than marriage with Raleigh. Suddenly she had an idea. Glowing with inspiration, she turned to the lovers.

"What would you say if I told you a secret?"

"You're in love!" they guessed, hope returning.

"Worse; engaged!"

Like a sudden flare of sunlight, Celia's laughing announcement brightened the gloom. Phyllis called excitedly to her father and Aunt Ida. Everyone came rushing into the room, overwhelming Celia with their questions and delight. It was really disconcerting and the oldest Miss Faraday had to think very rapidly.

"His name? Why, Smith—John Smith. Oh, yes. He's an officer. We met at Southampton just before he sailed for Mesopotamia—no, it was Arabia. His rank? Why, he's a colonel. Yes, Colonel Smith, Colonel John Smith."

It was going better and she launched into a description of the proposal in a garden as she fancied it might

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This is an adaptation of First National Pictures' screen presentation based on the story "Green Stockings" by A. E. W. Mason and produced by William A. Seiter, with Dorothy Mackail appearing as Celia, Basil Rathbone as Colonel Smith, Leila Hyams as Evelyn, William Austin as James Raleigh, Claude Gillingwater as Faraday, Emily Fitzroy as Aunt Ida, Flora Bramley as Phyllis, Anthony Bushell as Bobby and Wilfred Noy as Martin.

have been accomplished by the fictitious Colonel Smith.

Evelyn bethought herself that the mail for India left that very night. It would go via Port Said and carry letters for officers in Arabia. Celia must write at once—her first love letter.

"Of course!" the others agreed in the pleasant excitement of the hour and poor, protesting Celia was forced into a seat at the writing desk with pen in hand and paper waiting.

What on earth should she write? She knew the others, who had discreetly and kindly withdrawn, were listening from the doorway and watching her efforts, so she bent to her task.

"My darling Wobbles," she wrote the nickname she had told the family in a burst of elaboration. "I hardly know how to write to you." How true this was! "Please don't get wounded in the war. Eight thousand crosses for kisses to be taken as required." And she signed it, "Thine forever, Celia Faraday."

Folding the missive, she placed it in an envelope, sealed it and laid it between the pages of a magazine on the desk. It would be safe there, she thought, until she could drop it into the open fire.

The girls and Aunt Ida rushed back to surround her once more, offering to see that her letter was mailed that evening. But she assured them she, herself, would attend to it and finally broke away for a few collective moments in her own room.

Almost at once the butler came for the evening's mail and the girls shook Celia's letter out of the magazine where they had watched her place it. There was no address on the envelope, so Evelyn promptly scrawled on it, "Colonel John Smith, British Expeditionary Forces, Arabia," which would find him, and the letter started on its way.

A little later Celia returned and tossed the magazine into the flames. That was done! No thought that her letter had been removed and was even then on its way to Colonel Smith, if there was such a person, entered her mind. When Aunt Ida came in, she found her oldest niece elated with her evening's work.

Aunt Ida was a mid-Victorian figure with a curious streak of good-sportsmanship in her and a certain keenness of perception. She regarded Celia uncertainly.

"Is there anything peculiar about Colonel Smith?" she asked.

Celia turned to her with laughter in her eyes.

"Aunt Ida, will you promise not to breathe a word?" she cautioned. "There isn't—any—Colonel—Smith." The words came slowly and emphatically.

"There—isn't—any—Colonel—Smith?" Aunt Ida could only repeat them in helpless bewilderment.

"Great Scott!" she added when their full sense penetrated. "Then you're not engaged?"

"Not engaged," Celia agreed. "I invented Colonel Smith and the betrothal, both."

"But—your letter?" Aunt Ida was still dazed.

"I burned it."

Then, like two conspirators, they went into a gale of suppressed laughter at the whole affair.

IN the weeks that followed, it all worked out beautifully. Celia developed a genuine interest in the imaginary Colonel Smith and faithfully wrote to him every day, sentimentally storing her letters away. It was pleasant, this having a fiancé to discuss things with.

Sir William Faraday beamed on Celia and on Phyllis and Bobby who were permitted to marry and drive away on a honeymoon.

"Please! I can't take them! There is something I must tell you!"

Not until the wedding was safely over did Celia and Aunt Ida decide on the disposal of the imaginary Colonel Smith. They agreed he must die. Together they visited the office of the London *Times* and lugubriously left a notice of the demise of Colonel John Smith, B.E.F., in Arabia.

The next day the *Times* with the fatal news reached the Faraday home. Terribly shocked, Evelyn saw it first. Then Sir William read it, and it was broken to Aunt Ida, who seemed overpowered at Celia's loss.

When Celia, herself, entered the room, they led her gently to a chair and then broke it to her as tenderly as possible. Poor Celia!

Aunt Ida seemed the one who could best comfort her, but they all tried to cheer her and take her mind from her tragic bereavement. And she bore up amazingly well. They marveled. All agreed that she was wise not to wear mourning and hoped she might the sooner forget.

The whole affair seemed to Celia now to have been perfectly carried out and ended.

BUT Celia was happily unaware of events transpiring in the British Expeditionary Forces in Arabia, where her letter, which she thought consigned to the flames, had, in fact, found Colonel John Smith.

It was an astonishing letter to this young and very good-looking officer. He re-read it several times, quite at a loss to explain its pleasant familiarity or to place Celia Faraday who was "Forever his." There really seemed

They were unaware of the opening of the door and Raleigh's astonished gaze fixed upon them.

something indefinably charming about it, he thought, and was glad that a furlough in England would give him opportunity to look up this affectionate Miss Faraday.

Thus it happened that, one evening, when the Faradays were all about to dine out and go to a concert, a young army officer in uniform called. Raleigh met him in the hall and he asked for "Miss Celia Faraday."

"Ah ha!" surmised Raleigh. "A friend of the late Colonel Smith." And to the visitor he spoke of the tragedy. "Dreadful, wasn't it, poor old Smith's sudden end?"

The visitor looked blank. So Colonel Smith was dead!

"Yes, oh, yes," he finally stammered. "That's why I'm here. I'm Colonel Vaughan."

He meant to investigate this matter of Colonel Smith's supposed death and decided not to disclose his identity yet awhile.

Phyllis came down and greeted him warmly as the friend of her sister's late fiancé.

"Be gentle with her," she warned. "It was a terrible blow. She loved—and was loved."

"Ah!" the visitor remarked. "Tell me, where did the lovers meet? In fact, how did it all happen, this engagement?"

Phyllis told him all, how Sir William would not permit her to marry before Celia and how Celia's betrothal came just in time to assure her own happiness with Bobby. She even described how Celia had been devoted enough to write to her fiancé the very evening of the day she bade him farewell.

"Yes," the visitor agreed, "he received the letter. It puzzled him very much. I—I have it with me now."

Just then Celia entered, sad and resigned and willing to greet Colonel Smith's friend, but strangely unwilling, as it proved, to discuss Colonel Smith. She could not talk of him, she explained.

"I'm sure you will forgive me," and she turned to go.

"Oh, no, please don't go," the visitor begged. She was so attractive in her efforts to convey bereavement and grief he longed to see her in other moods. "Don't go yet. I have some mementos he commissioned me to give you." This was more than Celia could stand. Whatever mistake had been made, she was not the heir to Colonel Smith's mementos and she must not take them. Colonel Vaughan produced a watch. From his finger he drew a seal ring. "These he sent you, and some messages."

"Please!" she cried. "I can't take them. There is something I must tell you."

Before she could say anything further, Sir William entered to greet the visitor and insist that he stay and dine with Celia.

"We are all going out, all except Celia, and I know you two have much to talk over."

So it was settled. Celia could not escape a tête-à-tête with this friend of a Colonel Smith she had invented, but who seemed really to have lived.

It was a strange meal. Colonel Vaughan insisted upon going into the details of Colonel Smith's death on the battlefield with full description of the last hand-to-hand fight with the enemy. When he fell, Vaughan had knelt beside him to receive his last message to his betrothed.

It all made Celia dreadfully uncomfortable, but she could not resist a bit of emotion over the death scene. To illustrate it, Colonel Vaughan rose from his place, re-enacted the fight and, impersonating the wounded Smith, fell with his head against Celia's knee.

There was something indefinably charming about this young officer, she felt, this friend of the fiancé whom she never knew. But she must remember Colonel Smith and her part. Feelingly she spoke of her devotion to him and of how she had written every day until the final tragic news came.

THEY had finished dinner and were in the drawing-room. Colonel Vaughan pursued the subject of the letters. He said they must have miscarried for Colonel Smith had received but one.

How could he know this? Celia regarded him with the first trace of suspicion. Presently he referred to "Wobbles," a name she had not spoken, and the faint suspicion became definite.

With profound relief she heard the others returning and saw the end of this ordeal. Colonel Vaughan was to take the midnight train for London and they would never meet again.

Unhappily, Sir William had another plan. He was insistent that Colonel Smith's friend should remain all night, returning to London in the morning, and bore his guest away for light refreshment and a talk before going to bed. Colonel Vaughan was delighted to remain.

One thing, Celia decided. She, herself, would go to London on the midnight train and escape farewells to this tormenting stranger in the morning.

In her room she hastily packed a suit-case. From a closet she took a box of letters, all her letters to Colonel Smith. These she would drop into the living-room fire on her way out, watch them burn and then take a cab, ordered by telephone, to the station. That would end the whole affair as far as she was concerned.

Waiting until the house was still, she tiptoed downstairs and into the living-room, the letters under her arm.

A figure standing before the dying fire turned. Colonel Vaughan!

She started to go, but he came forward.

"There is something I want to say. Won't you wait five minutes—four?"

No escape! She stood while he spoke once more of her lost love letters to Smith, wandering over Arabia, undelivered.

"Don't worry about them," she said. "Those letters

(*Continued on page* 18)

The Sea Bat

By VAL LEWTON

(Nina, daughter of Antone, governor of the island of San Fillipo, had been a happy girl until the sea bat had killed her adored Carl, a handsome young sponge diver who had risked his life to save his companion, Juan, a Spanish inhabitant of the island, who, jealous of Carl, and of Nina's love for him, had left him to the mercy of the monster. A little later, Reverend Sims came to the island and in the simple words he read from the Bible the girl finally found comfort from her wild grieving. Gradually her gratitude for the peace he had brought her turned into love for the man, himself. But Juan, still torn by mad jealousy, recognized in the newcomer who wore the clerical garb a criminal who had recently escaped from Devil's Island and for whose capture there was a large reward. Soon Sims learned the reason for the Spaniard's hatred and discovered the plot he was laying for his capture. He knew that he must escape at once from San Fillipo. Antone, as governor of the island, had all the oars of the boats locked up at night and Sims went to his shack to get the key, for he knew that every minute's delay might prove fatal. He found Antone in his usual state of drunkenness and, just as he gave up all hope of arousing him and was about to leave the shack, his eye was caught by a swinging ladder that hung down into the main room. This, he knew, led to the attic where Nina was sleeping and, quickly scaling it, he raised the trap door and stood looking down at the girl sleeping peacefully in her bed, the moonlight, sifting in through the window, revealing her sparsely covered form.)

"NINA!" Sims leaned over the sleeping girl and called her name. She stirred but did not open her eyes and he sank down upon the edge of the bed, every muscle taut, his clenched hands moving to her shoulders, his face just above hers. "Nina!"

Her eyes opened slowly and she gazed into his face in bewilderment, then a timid, uncertain smile came.

"Why—" she began. He held her shoulders and looked into her eyes. Her nearness was more than he could bear. He kissed her very gently on the lips as she lay in his arms, passive, scarcely awake, then he crushed her to him in a passionate embrace. Suddenly her body stiffened with horror and she wrenched away from him, holding a sheet before her. "You—the Meenister!" she sobbed.

Sims, touched by the tragic disillusionment in her eyes, quickly gained control of himself.

"Don't be afraid, Nina," he said gently. "I won't do that again. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to, but I couldn't help it. Listen! I want a boat. There are plenty of them on the beach but I can't find any oars—and I must get away from here tonight."

"You mean—you going to leave?" she questioned in a startled tone.

"Does it matter, Nina?" he asked eagerly.

"Oh, w'en I theenk of eet, somethin' die here." She put her hand over her heart.

"There are reasons I can't stay here," he told her firmly. "How about it? Can you fix me up?"

She nodded.

"I get boat—and Nina go with you."

"No, no, you can't do that," he told her.

"Please, please," she pleaded desperately. "Nina so unhappy here—and you help her so. She mus' be near you. Nina—she dif'ernt now. Wot you deed for her tonight w'en she was afreed—"

"What I did for you?" he questioned, puzzled. "Do you really mean to say those words meant so much to you?"

"Those words—Nina can't forget theem," she returned with utter sincerity.

"If there is a God, He's got a sense of humor to use me as his mouthpiece," Sims remarked, half to himself. "But, if they did that for you, there must be something to them. They got me, too, a little, I guess."

"Eet was so beautiful, eet make me love God—and you." Her eyes glowed in the soft moonlight.

"Nina, I am so glad!" He dropped to his knees beside her bed, moved by the simple declaration of love and faith, and kissed her hair—but now there was no passion in the kiss, only admiration and reverence. "But I've got to hurry now, Nina. I've got to get the boat."

"You take Nina with you?" she persisted.

"I shouldn't, Nina," he returned, weakening visibly. "You don't realize—you don't know anything about me."

"Wot I care about that?" she smiled trustingly. "I don't care where you go or why you go. Nina only want to be with you."

He hesitated a moment, then put his arms about her again.

Nina's nearness was more than Sims could bear. He put his arms about her and crushed her to him in a tight embrace.

This is an adaptation of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen presentation of the story by Dorothy Yost. Bess Meredyth and John Howard Lawson wrote the scenario and Wesley Ruggles directed, with Raquel Torres appearing as Nina, Charles Bickford as Reverend Sims, Nils Asther as Carl, George F. Marion as Antone, John Miljan as Juan, Boris Karloff as the Corsican, Gibson Gowland as Limey, Edmund Breese as Maddocks, Mathilde Comont as Mimba and Mack Swain as Dutchy.

"I can't leave you Nina," he said earnestly. "I'm crazy about you. How soon can you be ready?"

A look of childlike joy spread over the girl's face.

"You wait for me at you house." It was a little general issuing orders to her aide. "I wake Antone, get keys from heem."

"I'll be waiting for you," he assured her. "You won't be long, Nina dear?"

Her answer was an excited little laugh.

"I fly like a bird—I go so queek."

She kissed him lightly as he went through the trap door, then, with only the moonlight sifting through the window to guide her, she started gaily, madly collecting her belongings.

SIMS hurried back over the path that led to his own shack, a new song of gladness singing in his heart. With Nina always at his side, with her faith and trust to guide him, he would carve out a new life in a new country. He had strength, the willingness to work—surely there must be a second chance for him. But, no matter what came, he would never again masquerade as a holy man. He had a new respect for the cloth now and he was humble before it. He entered his shack, squinting his eyes to see through the gloom. He struck a match and was just about to light his lamp when Juan's mocking voice greeted him:

"Good evening, Meester Holy Man!"

Sims straightened up, startled, and the match fell from his hand, its flickering spurt revealing the Spaniard sprawled out on the chair, a cigarette in his mouth, its glow lighting up his sardonic, sneering features. Behind him, in the shadows by the wall, lounged the Greek, determined, waiting.

"What do you want?" Sims demanded harshly.

"You surprised?" Juan mocked.

"Not a bit." With steady hands, he lit the lamp.

"You have nize visit to Nina, huh?" his unwelcome visitor queried.

"What's that to you?" Sims returned sternly.

Juan took another puff of his cigarette before he replied:

"Nuthin'—jus' make me theenk—tha's all. Juan theenk lots of ting' inside hees head. Juan don' say much teel he get ready."

"Great idea!" Sims encouraged. "You'd better stick to that."

"But Juan—he ees ready now."

As if this was his cue, the Greek moved up to his companion's side.

"Well, come on, spill it," Sims invited, throwing back his shoulders as if to brace himself against a blow.

"Theese island—ees good place to hide, eh?" the Spaniard sneered.

"I wouldn't be a bit surprised," Sims returned with assumed lightness of tone.

"'Spose man get away from the law—from preeson—here dere ees no law, no poleece to find heem."

"That's right," Sims agreed with a laugh. "You're a smart boy, Juan. Did you dope that out by yourself?"

The other smiled in satisfaction at his own cleverness.

"I figure dat out for long time. One day before you come here, I meet French poleece boat from Devil's Island. They look for man who have escape. They offer twelve t'ousan' francs for heem alive. But he plenty smart. He steel meenister's clothes and wear them. French poleece show me hees picture."

"A good looking guy, huh?" Sims remarked jovially.

"Not so good lookin'. After while you come heer, Meester Meenister. I not so sure teel I see you in grog shop tonight."

"And what are you going to do about it?" Sims now laid aside all pretense, like an animal at bay.

"Get twelve t'ousan' francs."

With a cry of rage, Juan leaped on his prey with a quick cat-like movement, his fist clenched to strike. But, before it descended, Sims caught his wrist, parried the outstretched arm and landed a blow on his jaw, swinging about just as the Greek's knife slashed his shoulder. A terrific battle ensued, two against one and all three enraged to red heat. The table was overturned, the lamp went out in smouldering ruin, leaving the room in darkness, save where a ray of moonlight from the open door cut through the scene. Finally Sims struck the Greek a terrific blow and he lay still. Both he and Juan were bleeding profusely now as they struggled on with the fierceness of wild animals. Finally Sims, summoning all his strength, dodged Juan's knife, threw him to the floor and straddled him, his hands closing about the Spaniard's throat in a vise-like grip. Juan's eyes bulged, his tongue stuck out under the relentless grip of the iron fingers. It was as though all breath had been choked from his body. And Sim's fingers did not relax their clasp until he heard Nina's voice, *"Madre di dios,"* then he loosened his grip on the seemingly dead man and looked around with glazed eyes as the girl stood in the door of the shack, carrying in her arms some clothes bundled up in a Spanish shawl. Utterly frightened at the sight that greeted her eyes, she gasped:

"Meester Minister—"

"I am no minister," Sims interrupted sharply. "My name is John Dennis. I escaped from Devil's Island. These men found it out. You understand now why I've got to get away from here? Is the boat ready?"

"Eet ready," she told him in an awed tone.

"Goodby, Nina, and thanks," he said gently.

"Goodby?" she questioned, placing herself in his way. "Surely you don't want to go with me now after what I've just told you?" he asked in amazement.

"What deef'rence does theese name make. I know your real heart—that cannot change. I go with you anywhere."

Sims was speechless a moment. He had not believed there was such faith and trust in the world—outside a story book.

"There is a God," he exclaimed finally, reverently. "Quick, darling, we've got to get out of here."

With a rapid stride he crossed the room to where Juan lay and stood looking down on him a moment to be sure that he was beyond the possibility of following and then, taking Nina's hand in his, hurried from the shack.

BUT Juan was a good actor. The moment the two figures were out of hearing, he scrambled to his feet and, passing his hand over his aching head, rushed to the door and stood looking after the man and the girl as they ran down to the beach. Then, with a muttered oath, he started to the grog shop. Inside, the mechanical piano was grinding out its jazzy tunes in marked contrast to the scene of hatred and struggle that had just taken place in the little wooden shack.

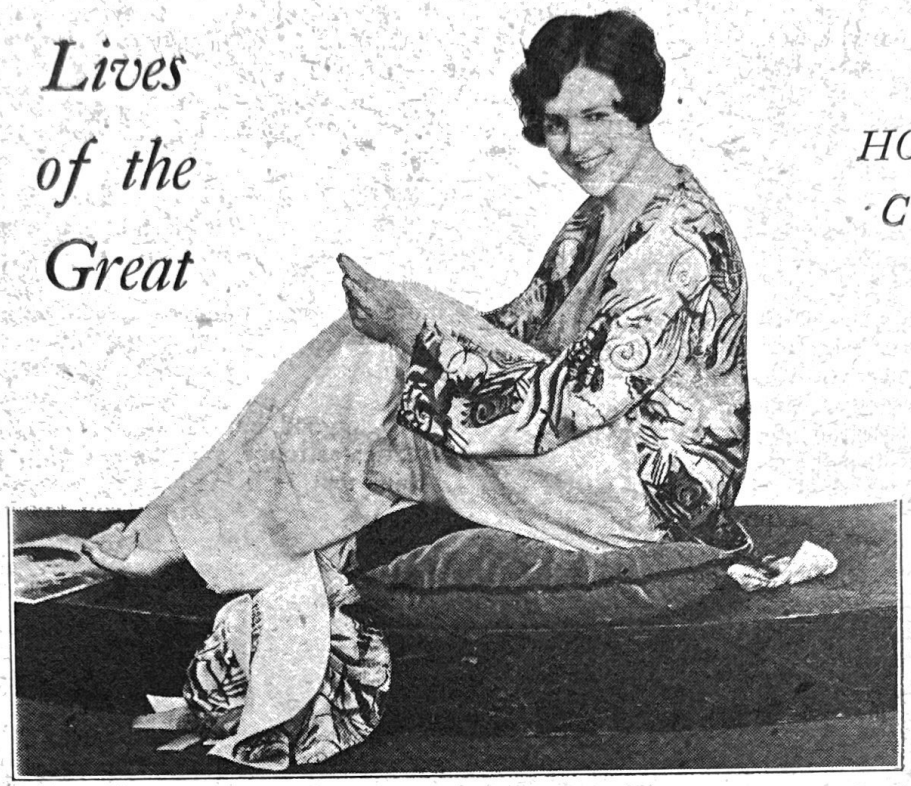
"Hey, Nicolai! Boris!" he called and almost at once two bulky divers appeared in the doorway. "Do you want eezy money? Come on! I give you hundred francs a piece—"

That was enough for Nicolai. His coarse, depraved face lit up with a smile.

(Continued on page 26)

Lives of the Great

By HOWARD CURTIS



Sue Carol took a screen test just for a lark but now she is serious and earnest about her picture career, with "Dancing Sweeties" for Warner Brothers as her latest production.

ONE day a dainty brown-eyed girl boarded the train at Chicago with a ticket for Hollywood resting safely in her purse. To be sure, hundreds of girls have done this very thing—at Chicago and all points east and west. But this girl was different. Looking for a job? Going into the movies? The brown eyes would have sparkled at the absurdity of the idea, the merry little laugh would have convinced you that sometimes even you are prone to have silly notions. Why, in Chicago Sue Carol had scores of friends and she was popular in the set that has a calendar crowded with teas and dances and debutante parties. Of course, it would be great fun to meet the people she admired on the screen, to be entertained at their homes and to see how pictures are made. But Sue was a type, a type of sweet girlishness—and often the unexpected, the unlooked-for, happens to types.

The Hollywood folks liked Sue. She was invited to go places and see things and, when she did, several people saw her and weren't satisfied with just one look. She was at an early-morning breakfast party one day. These parties were quite the thing in the way of entertainment at that time. Picture people were there, too, and Sue was having a great time mingling with them. Then Nick Stuart and Joe Elgi, casting, directing at the Fox West Coast Studio, had a bright idea almost at the same moment. The idea was the same, too. Why didn't Sue come over to the studio and have a test made? Sue laughed at the idea. But, come to think of it, it would be fun—and wasn't Sue in Hollywood for a lark? But then another thing happened that hadn't been in her plan when she boarded the train at Chicago—she was handed a costume, at least that was what they called it, a brassiere and a pair of trunks, a scanty pair at that. She blushed when she saw them but she didn't want to appear prudish—even though she did hail from Chicago—so she finally put them on. The camera ground—and the result was more than satisfactory. The next day she was asked to play a bit in "Is Zat So?" But one day was enough for Sue. When the cameras stopped grinding that night she wanted to quit. Then influence began to work, influence in the person of Nick Stuart, an engaging young chap who was all enthusiasm about pictures and picture studios and careers—and Sue didn't quit. She'd make one more picture and then she'd go back to Chicago, for, among several other people, there was one that Sue knew particularly well—and he was her husband.

But Sue continued to linger in Hollywood. She was given the ingenue lead in "Slaves of Beauty" which was soon followed by featured rôles in "Soft Cushions," "The Cohens and the Kellys in Paris," "The Air Circus," "The Big Party," "The Exalted Flapper," "Fox Movietone Follies," "The Golden Calf" and her latest, "Dancing Sweeties," for Warner Brothers.

IN the meantime, the bonds that had bound Sue to the one man in Chicago were severed. In the meantime, too, the influence of a certain young ambitious chap in Hollywood still continued and Sue and Nick were familiar figures dining and dancing together. Then one day they stole away and were quietly married. Hollywood continued to speculate about the outcome of the romance and Sue and Nick were noncommittal. They were just youngsters but they had "put one over" on the wise film colony.

Sue still looks like a typical schoolgirl and is ideal for rôles that call for youth and innocence. Her progress has been steady, the kind that lays a firm foundation for future success.

Sue is tiny, five feet two inches, weighs a hundred and seven pounds and is devoted to outdoor life, especially golf, swimming and horseback riding. Naturally, her favorite costumes are sport clothes.

Our School of Scenario Writing

Conducted by ANNE MAXWELL

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN
(Reviewed)

Are You Attempting Too Much?

I RECEIVE so many scripts that are based on big historic themes or upon economic ones of the present day, involving thousands of extras and widely separated locations, that I may as well say right here that such scripts, many of them described as "epics of the screen" or as "tremendous spectacles," stand no chance whatever of being accepted. A producing company thinks a long time before deciding upon the production of an "epic" or a "spectacle." The outlay involved is too great a risk on the story of any novice, however good that story may be.

Then, too, some of my writers do not seem to realize that the whole field of history and the whole scheme of economics and political reform have already been pretty well combed by almost every company in the industry for possible "epics" and "spectacles." Almost every company has in its library many synopses by staff writers covering possible material along these lines.

Many novice writers practically submerge their characters in the immensity of their theme. For instance, a novice may hope to attract attention to a story dealing with a few families of pioneer days, but he won't stand any chance if he tries to cover the whole subject of pioneer days in this country. He may arouse interest, though there isn't much call for such subjects, in a plot of Revolutionary or Civil War times, but it will have to be his characters who arouse this interest, for he cannot depend upon having the whole of either of these wars as a background for his people.

It is the same with scientific subjects. Suggesting new and unborn inventions which will revolutionize the world won't get him anywhere. For one reason, it is very easy for some people to imagine the existence of some wonderful machine which they could not invent. One script I received was devoted to a young American aviator's trip to Mars, where he met and married a beautiful sky-blue Martian flapper and returned to this planet with his bride. Do any of you think that a play like this stands any chance of receiving serious attention, let alone of being screened? We haven't yet invented planes that will fly to Mars; there aren't any gas stations on the way and the writer's plane was run by gas. We don't know whether Mars is inhabited or not and therefore we don't know what type of people might live there—if any. And would you be interested in a "Romance of Two Planets," which is the title this script should have had? "Thousands of inhabitants of Mars" were used in this plot. This is an exaggerated instance of how some novices go about building their "different" plots, but, really, among the scripts that come to me, many more than you think deal with far too many people and with themes that are either totally impossible or, at any rate, too big for novice use.

I think that a plot with a few characters, and these well drawn, is the one best bet for a novice. Any director can stick in a forest fire or an earthquake if he sees fit, and the company will stand for the cost, so, in picking out his stories, he looks for characterization and plot rather than for catastrophic situations, such as the above.

Try to give your heroine some winsome quality that has not been stressed too much in other plays. See how you can write of your hero that he may seem a shade more attractive than his screen predecessors.

Do not clutter up your first script with crowds of extras. See if you cannot tell your plot so that the story stands out. If you can get a new angle on an old situation, well and good, but do not think that, by introducing some great catastrophe, you can make up for weakness of plot. I think that, by using only a few characters who are living in that social scale which you know best and by having your action take place within a comparatively short space of time, you will get the best results and be far more likely to find a market for your scripts. Your flights of fancy, whereas, if you confine your story to human beings of the earth, as in a professional script which I had to turn down recently, are likely to remain only flights of fancy, whereas, if you confine your story to human beings and human emotions as you know them, you may get somewhere. As I hinted very plainly at the beginning of this article, it is possible to attempt too much. So don't let us make this mistake.

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The Flirting Widow

(*Continued from page* 14)

written to an imaginary hero are all here. Now they're going into the fire." And she started across the room.

The visitor caught her arm and the box fell to the floor, scattering letters by the dozen.

"Don't touch them!" Celia cried, then, "Yes, you may help me pick them up, but keep your eyes closed."

Together they knelt over the heap and began to gather them up.

It was more than human blood could stand to keep eyes closed, and Colonel Vaughan's irrisistibly opened.

"Dearest Wobbles, I have dreamed of you for months," he read. Celia caught up the letter. "Oh, please," he pleaded. "I have dreamed of *you* all my life."

When his hand sought hers, Celia drew back.

"Oh, don't, Colonel Vaughan—that is—Smith—Wobbles."

But Colonel Vaughan-Smith held her tightly in his arms. Celia's imaginary fiancé was a real one, after all.

Explanations to the family would come tomorrow. For the moment they knew only that they had found each other. They were not even aware of the opening of the door and of Raleigh's astonished gaze fixed upon them.

Consult MYSTIC MYRA

She Sees All, Hears All, Knows All, and, If She Doesn't, She'll Find Out

Ethel of Chicago: Another query about Gloria and the Marquis! The Marquis de la Falaise et de la Coudraye arrived from Europe late in July and went to Hollywood where Gloria announced an amicable separation. "Hank," as Hollywood knows him, stopped at a hotel while Gloria remained at her villa at Malibu Beach. They continue the best of friends whether the amicable separation ends in divorce or not. Hank, by the way, appeared about twenty pounds thinner than when Hollywood saw him last. Worry? He said it was cutting down on calories and such things.

Grace F.: One of your questions is answered above. The other about Gloria's future plans I can reply to only with the statement that she may appear on the New York stage next season. New York managers have made her offers which are said to be under serious consideration.

B. R.: You miss Claire Windsor and consider her one of the most beautiful blondes the screen has known? She held that record at one time, but Claire has not appeared in pictures for many months. She is living in New York at present, and some weeks ago was in a yachting accident on Long Island Sound when an explosion destroyed the boat on which she was a guest. Happily Claire, as well as the others, sustained no serious injury.

A. T. L.: Yes, it is true, the Chinese actor, Mei-Lan-Fang, visited Hollywood before returning to China and was entertained by Doug and Mary at Pickfair. It is also true that he may appear on the screen. Paramount is said to have engaged him to make a talking picture. Last spring he met with spectacular success on the New York stage as well as in San Francisco.

Florence: You think Ilka Chase wears her gowns well and is one of the smartest women on the screen? You are right. And Ilka inherits her flair for clothes. She is the daughter of Edna Woolman Chase, one of the editors of *Vogue*. Why shouldn't she be smart looking?

This is the latest in pajama ensembles—worn by Anita Page in the M. G. M. production "Our Blushing Brides."

Novarro Fan: The gifted young Mexican with the grand-opera voice and more than ordinary ability as an actor well merits your admiration. He will soon add another accomplishment to his list, that of picture directing. Like Jack Gilbert, he has long longed to direct, if this is clear. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is at last giving him a chance and Ramon is to handle the megaphone for the Spanish version of "Singer of Seville," as well as play the principal rôle.

L. C.: Alma Rubens and Ricardo Cortez are not divorced although she has sued for a separation. Ricardo is to appear in "Illicit" with Barbara Stanwyck and James Rennie, the husband of Dorothy Gish.

Inquiry: News of Anna Q. Nilsson is that she has left the Hollywood hospital where she had been a patient since her accident nearly a year ago and is convalescing at her own home. She was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Rathbone while her home was put in readiness for her. Anna is one of Hollywood's favorites and there is general rejoicing that she is on the way to complete recovery, and, we hope, a return to pictures. Anna, you remember, was known as the "picture stealer" a few years ago when she walked off with honors in any film in which she appeared. Marie Dressler inherits the title, for, we may add, a totally different art, but the same gift of being preeminent.

"I Remember": Many others remember Blanche Sweet in her starring days. She had always an attractive personality and *Anna Christie* proved her acting ability, if it needed proving. Blanche will be seen in "The Silver Horde" which will be released this year. Her marriage to Marshall Neilan, whom she has recently divorced, interrupted her screen career.

Summer Girl: A little late with the answers to your questions but here they are. "Ladies of Leisure," in which Barbara Stanwyck scored, was adapted for the screen from the Belasco play, "Ladies of the Evening." (2) Nance O'Neil, whom you like in mother rôles, was a famous tragedienne back in the early 1900's, touring the country for years and finally achieving Broadway under Belasco. (3) Dorothy Jordan, who played and sang opposite Ramon Navarro in "Devil May Care" and "Gay Madrid", is from Tennessee.

Helping Hearts Club

Conducted by ROSEMARY LEE

Pals O' Mine:

Here is a treat for us this week. I am referring to Wally's letter which follows and which I know you will find as much pleasure in reading as I did. And don't forget, darlings, that not only does it take a long time for mail to reach Sudan but it also takes a five cent stamp.

And, referring to the sad subject of stamps, don't forget to put one of those cute little things on every letter you wish forwarded and place sufficient of the said little red and white ornaments on your letters to me to make sure that they will reach their destinations. This may seem a small matter to you but remember you are but one of several thousands. Multiply several thousands by two and see what you get. I can't, for the printer man's voice is calling loud and strong to your

Rosemary Lee.

Dear Miss Lee:

If I am not asking too much, may I be a member of your Helping Hearts Club? I am a soldier in the Sudan but I cannot say I am lonely as I have lots of pals in my Regiment, but still it is nice to know how different people pass the time along in other parts of the world. I picked up a stray copy of *Moving Picture Stories* and it was in shreds, so you can imagine how it had been read by hundreds of the boys in the Regiment, and I am sorry to relate that I cannot get it every week. I read it that well that I could dictate it word for word, I enjoyed it that much.

I am five feet, six inches tall, light hair, good at sports, my favorite being hockey. I am a lover of photography and I have hundreds of snaps taken in India, Germany, Egypt and Sudan, where I have actually served in the Army. I have been East of Suez for five years and it has opened my eyes and taught me the different ways of different countries. I would like to correspond with members of either sex and I can guarantee to answer any letter that I may receive. I shall be pleased to exchange photographs and opinions of different countries. To give you an example of a Tommy's life in the Sudan, I will give mine. Well, if this is the Sudan, once I get out of it, they won't need an angel with a flaming sword to keep me out. The heat at times has reached 118° in the shade, and, when the hot air blows from the desert, the effect is as though the doors of several blast furnaces have suddenly been opened. We gasp and long for night. In the quest for coolness, one sleeps outside the bungalow, and, in the afternoon, the fierce heat drives everybody indoors, the doors and windows are shut and it is found a lot cooler. Electric fans are installed and it is like being at War to get under one for the afternoon. There is no twilight here. The sun, which for nine months of the year shines in a perfectly cloudless sky, sets over the desert, giving what must be the most perfect sunsets in the world. Thereafter it is dark. Of pests there is no end, flies so numerous that only with difficulty can food be conveyed to the mouth without swallowing flies, also sand flies that bite by day and mosquitoes that work on the night shift, huge insects with an evil sting, scorpions. It is true that, in the Sudan, the tiniest insect night and day does its bit, all of which causes malaria and sand-fly fever. Khartoum has been the battleground of many battles too numerous to mention, and there are many memorials, etc., to see in memory of the great men who did their bit for their country. This place hasn't changed much since it was taken by Lord Kitchener. One sees the queerest of boats on the Nile. Old tree trunks substitute for the masts and the oars, the sails with patches on them that the present owner's grandfather put on when quite a boy. It reminds one of Sinbad, the Sailor. No wonder he was wrecked if he had a boat like these on the Nile. Buffaloes and donkeys are used for ploughing and working irrigation pumps. The soil is remarkably fertile but is not put to the full use and has long been in a state of utter neglect. It is a common scene to see caravans of camels coming into Khartoum heavily laden with wood, or perhaps it may be one of Sudan's black-eyed beauties riding in a pannier. Donkeys there are hundreds. The natives ride to and from their work on them, and it is a rare thing to see a cycle or a motor car. We have had a cinema (open air) but I am sorry to say the machine got burnt to a cinder, and, when it was moonlight, the show was cancelled. I could go on describing Sudan 'till my pen went dry, but space will not permit, but, if I get replies, as I hope to, I shall be only too pleased to relate my experiences. So come along, boys and girls, let's hear from you all. With kind regards,

Wally.

So little M. P. S. travels way out to the Sudan, eh, Wally? And I am so glad it does if for no other reason than that it brought me my first vivid picture of that country. To say that your letter is interesting would be putting it mildly. And, do you know, Wally, the fame of your regiment has reached this country? No wonder you are not lonely with such fine buddies as companions! And I just can't bear to think of that poor little M. P. S. looking for all the world like a Hawaiian dancer, so, before this one is on the press, a few of the late numbers are going to start on their way to you. Dear me, how long does it take to get there? Probably the courteous thing to do would be to run over with them myself. But I have to review a picture tomorrow night. Think I can make it?

My dear Miss Lee:

I'm so happy that I have the chance to join your wonderful club. I like to write letters and I surely enjoy receiving them.

I am seventeen years old, five feet, two inches tall, have brown wavy hair, brown eyes, and, as you've already guessed by my pen name, I have dimples.

I'm getting ready now to go to college and I'll be one of those "green Freshmen"—nevertheless, I'm quite thrilled and excited about going. (Dad will forward my mail to me, so you may keep just my home address.)

I'm hoping I'll receive just *lots* of letters from pen pals everywhere.

Sincerely,
Dimples C. of Missouri.

I know, Dimples, just how excited you feel preparing for your first year at college. How vividly it takes me back to the summer when I spent the

days wondering just what college would be like! These days will be yours only once, remember, dear, so make the most of them, the play as well as the work. The pals are going to enjoy hearing all about your activities.

Dear Miss Lee:

All my life I've been studying music. For the last four years I've been working days and studying nights, and, at the age of twenty-six years, I have received my professorship, but, as you can see, I haven't had time to come into contact with anybody. Let me introduce myself.

My pen name is Pea-Jal-Bee. I am twenty-six, five feet, five inches, weigh 135 lbs., have brown hair and eyes, and am interested in corresponding with some one who can write intelligently on diversified subjects.

Will somebody write?

Pea-Jal-Bee.

How happy you must be in your music! Perhaps your studying has curtailed the forming of friendships but now you have a medium to draw many to you—the universal language of your art. I think you were a very brave young man to work days and study nights. Best of success!

Dear Rosemary Lee:

It gives me great pleasure at this time to tell you just how glad I was to read your little magazine. I never came across one of its kind before, and right that minute I was interested. Really, Rosemary, I believe I am in luck since I read your sweet column. I am sure I shall have many more new friends—at least, I hope so. I wish to join your club. May I? I can assure all who write me will receive an answer. I have lost my best pal and sure need another one. Is there some one in your club, a young man who is in such a predicament? Any young man anywhere will do. I am just plain lonesome as I am used to going around with my pal. Of course, girls are entitled to write me, too. I will answer all letters.

Come one, come all!

Jerry of N. Y. City.

We are sorry you lost your pal, Jerry. I am sure you will find pleasure in the club.

Dear Rosemary Lee:

Do you think you can find room for one more pen pal? Honest, I'll answer anyone and everyone that cares to write to me.

I'm sweet sixteen, nearer to seventeen, five feet, four and one-half inches tall, with blue eyes and long light-brown curly hair. And oh, I mustn't forget I have dimples, too. They seem to be too important to leave out.

Am just dying to hear from a pen pal, especially from Billy of Ohio. Now, come on, some one, get busy and write to

Queenie of Southie.

P. S. Please, Rosemary, don't disappoint me.

How you youngsters make me chuckle! You do enjoy adding on the months, don't you? Well, Queenie, wait another ten years and then see how you feel about it.

My dear Miss Lee:

The party was evidently going to ruin. As nonchalantly as I could master my emotions, I picked up the nearest object, a *Moving Picture Stories*. Little did I know the effect which my action would produce.

Instantly I became absorbed in your club, Miss Lee, until a young man asked me what it was I found so interesting. Thereupon I entered into an animated conversation involving all present on the fineness of your club and the splendid way in which it was being conducted.

Then conversation edged and widened from club to sorority, fraternity to institution and world-wide services.

I shall never forget Betty's (the hostess) last words to me that night.

"Joy, you saved the night!"

"Not I, Betty but the Helping Hearts Club. And Miss Lee seems like such a motherly soul, I think I'll write and tell her all. What say, Boots?"

The deed's done, so to speak, and I sincerely hope my experience has been understood by you and your pals.

I am anxious to hear from all. And, if such people as All Alone of W. Va. and Kansas City Business Men will write to me, I'll be only too glad to answer and tell them the opinions which I vouched in their favor during this conversation.

Well, Miss Lee, have you decided as yet whether or not to accept such a brunette of sixteen to your club as

Dawn Paige.

My, but that is an interesting letter, Dawn! I read it through completely absorbed in your descriptive powers—and then I came to with a start. Sixteen! It just doesn't seem possible that you youngsters can write the letters you do. That party is so clearly pictured that, unconsciously, I saw the little group—Boots and you sitting so the glow of a lamp brought out the lights in your hair. I am sorry you had to wait so long for your answer, but we are simply swamped with letters from all over the world. It might be wise for you to drop a little note to the pals you mention. That's always the quickest way to start the ball rolling.

Dear Miss Lee:

This is the first time that I read *Moving Picture Stories*, and I like it, especially your Helping Hearts Club.

Going through the letters I came upon that of M. M., the New Yorker. I'm a New Yorker, born and bred, but I doubt if I know it so well. The reason is I haven't had time to know it so far. I'm eighteen years old, going to college. In my vacation time I swim and play tennis. I also play the piano and like to read a good book. Oh, yes, I forgot—I'm Jewish, myself. I don't make friends so easily, but, when I do, I keep them.

I hope you will admit me to your Club and forward my letter to M. M. The New Yorker.

Helen of Brooklyn.

Well, Helen, I'm glad you like us. But where were you all our life that this is the first time you have met us? Living right here in my own home town, too! Now we sentence you to make up for lost time by reading each number twice, once forward and once backward, with my menagerie standing on guard to be sure you don't miss a word either way. Now will you be a good girl?

Dear Miss Lee:

I am very interested in *Moving Picture Stories* and enjoy reading your club letters.

There seem to be lots of lonesome people in this world but did any of them ever think there is one place where it is most lonesome? An army fort! It's the same thing over and over every day. All you see is the same thing.

I wish to tell the club members something about myself. I am thirty-three years old, light-blue eyes, light-brown hair, ruddy complexion, hun-

dred and sixty pounds, a young man who enjoys making friends with everybody. I dare some one to try me out.

I faithfully promise an immediate answer to everyone as long as the United States government still makes stamps. Senior.

We all have a warm spot in our hearts for you boys who are ready to defend our country. You shouldn't be lonely. We just won't stand for it! Wait and see!

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I would like every much to join your popular club and acquire a few pen pals. I am a sailor, eighteen years of age, five feet, eight inches tall, brown hair and blue eyes. My skin is burned to a deep brown color from the tropical sun. My favorite sports are swimming and tennis. I do each fairly well. I weigh 153 lbs. and am considered not bad-looking. I am very fond of reading and like to get off to a quiet corner to enjoy a good book. I graduated from high school at the age of sixteen, with the intention of joining the Navy and seeing the world. I have seen a little bit but am far from "letting it go at that". I also spent a few months of my time in a Naval Medical School.

Will you please tell Margaret D. of St. Louis that, if Ivan of the Navy doesn't write to her, I will? By the way, I am curious as to what ship Ivan is on at the present time.

I would like to hear from Baby of St. Louis, Peg of Penna. or any girls from Maryland or Delaware—my home town is in the latter state.

Maybe Marie of New York will write to me, also.

Thanking you, Rosemary Lee, I am,

A Lonesome Sailor of the Tropics.

P. S.—I enjoy reading the letters in your magazine very much.

Well, have you anything against writing to Margaret D. of St. Louis even if Ivan does? If a sailor can have a girl in every port, why can't a girl have a pal on every ship? Tut, tut! Why not write to Ivan, too? I don't know what ship he is on at present. Charles of San Francisco is one of our most enthusiastic pals. He's seeing the world through a porthole, too. I know you'll like him, for he's one fine lad and writes very interesting letters. But the choice of pals is up to you, Sailor!

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I have been a reader of *Moving Picture Stories* for some time and wonder if a lady of my age—I am forty-one—could join your club.

I have been a dramatic actress for many years but retired some years ago when I married. I would like to meet a pal of my own age who could go with me to the theatre or on little trips or walks sometimes.

I have no real pal but long to have one who would come to my home once in a while for a good home-cooked meal.

I am a humble, upright American lady, born and raised in this state, and would be glad to answer all letters.

Thanking you in advance, I remain,

Mrs. L. of Jersey City.

How about Rosemary Lee? Behave yourself, Big Chief!

Dear Rosemary Lee:

It is with keen interest that I contemplate being included among the many members of your worthy club, and I hope that my contemplations materialize and that you accept me.

I was extremely interested in Billy of Ohio's letter and hope you will forward the enclosed letter to him, as he sounds very cheery.

I should like to correspond with either sex, as naturally both interest me. Would especially like to hear from some pen pals in California.

May I also state that I read quite extensively, liking both novels and classics of the old school of writers.

I am eighteen years of age, have red hair, not unusually tall and my favorite hobby is playing bridge.

So, Rosemary Lee, I hope I may qualify to join your most cheerful club.

Most sincerely,
Adelaide of Brooklyn.

P. S.—Please pardon my negligence for not thanking you, for I am very grateful.

You are pardoned, Adelaide. I am glad that you are diversifying your reading interest.

Dear Rosemary Lee:

Do you think I will be accepted into your lovely club? Well, I hope so.

I love to get letters from people and I already do receive quite a few but "the more the merrier". I would particularly like to hear from some Irish pen pals as they are so witty as a rule.

I can not describe myself, as I am hard to describe. From different people I have heard that I look like at least ten different persons and my eyes are anywhere from blue to green. And so other than that I will not describe myself but *will* say that I am seventeen years old.

Swedes also are my weakness. So here's hoping I get plenty of letters from everywhere and everyone.

Mary of Washington, D. C.

But, darling, you didn't put your full name on your nicely written letter. When the Irish and the Swedes write, what am I going to do about it?

Dear Miss Lee:

I saw *Moving Picture Stories* on the newsstand the other day and my attention was drawn to the headline, "Are You Lonely?" With curiosity, I purchased the copy and read enthusiastically all about your club. It indeed impressed me as a wonderful service to the great army of lonely hearts, inhabiting our large country. I live in a large city, so I well know how lonely one can be among thousands of busy people. Maybe, if I could join your club, I could help chase away the shadows that seem to dominate some persons' lives and thereby brighten the atmosphere of my own life.

Now for a little information about myself. I am twenty-two years old, light-brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, plump, about five feet, five inches tall. I have a college education, have traveled quite a bit and enjoy motion pictures, talkies, and musical comedies and dramas. Quite a mixture, isn't it? I live alone with my mother, taking care of a large nine-room home. Though it seems as if I would have plenty to do taking care of this house, I do have plenty of time to get blue and lonely.

I would enjoy hearing from the opposite sex, some one lonely, around thirty years old or over, a serious-minded gentleman, a good correspondent—with a college education preferably—some one who has traveled and would enjoy hearing from a reasonably pretty, cultured young woman. Hoping you have some one catalogued among your many club members who nearly answers the qualifications I am seeking, I remain,

Virginia of St. Louis.

A girl of your superior attainments will be sure to find just the correspondent you are looking for among our splendid pals.

Dear Miss Lee:

I have been reading some of your H. H. C. letters and would like to join if there's room.

I am seventeen, have dark blonde hair and fair complexion. I am five feet, four inches and weigh 118 lbs. I am not bad looking. I would like to hear from Billie of Ohio.

Thank you,

Peggy of New Haven

Now, Peggy, suppose Billy does write, how am I to forward the letter? Will "Peggy of New Haven" reach you? Get me?

Dear Miss Lee:

I am more than anxious to have some pen pals. I am twenty-four years old, five feet, four inches tall, have dark hair and blue eyes and am of the Jewish faith.

My favorite hobby is ice skating. I swim and dance but those sports can't come up to ice skating. I love to play bridge, too.

I get the blues when it rains. I have some friends here in the city but I have always wanted to make up a club. I am trying to make that dream come true and I know I will complete it, so will you from St. Paul and Minneapolis, young men and women, help form this club. This is going to be a full-of-fun club. If you are in the least interested, write to me. Don't miss out on this. If you know what a full-of-fun club really is, I am sure you will write. Now don't forget, St. Paul and Minneapolis! And thank you, Miss Lee.

Bertha of St. Paul.

I hope you succeed, Bertha. It certainly will be great to have an active branch of H. H. C. in your city. Besides having fun, you can lend a helping hand to lots of lonesome folks. And I know you will.

Dear Rosemary Lee:

Just yesterday I called on a friend of mine and she was busy reading M. P. S. She suggested that we read to each other. And, my, what a wonderful magazine! I liked it so much, my friend gave me some back numbers to read.

While reading them, I came across the Helping Hearts Club. I liked it so well that I am writing you to ask if there is room for a brown-eyed girl from Iowa in your club.

If there is, you will no doubt, want to know more about me. I have brown hair, am sixteen years of age and a senior in high school. I am five feet two (without eyes of blue) and weigh 103 lbs.

I love nearly all sports, the outstanding ones being horseback riding, bicycle riding, swimming and golf.

Yesterday must have been my red letter day because I think that this club must be a wonderful club, and, dear readers, if you don't want me to think differently, please write to

Brown Eyes from Iowa

That was a nice friend, Brown Eyes, to help you discover us. Now you just pass on the good work and introduce us to some other folks. My but that's a good idea, isn't it, pals? I think I'll start an introducing week. What do you say to that?

Dear Rosemary Lee:

Here's hoping you'll allow another radio fan to sign on with your club. Too bad I didn't know about this club of yours before as by now I'd have been a member. I guess I've got the necessary qualifications, since it seems to me that all that's needed is a keen desire to make friends by mail, and that I have, believe you me. Concerning me, I'm neither light nor dark, five eleven tall, and weigh 145. Anything and everything interests me, posilutely. If nothing goes wrong I'll get an A.E. in a couple of years and I'll go into the radio end of flying. I've made this short because I think there's more chance of its getting into print that way. Write to this feller, will you, pals?

Sparks.

P. S.—Won't you please forward the two enclosed letters, Rosemary? If you don't know, A.E. is Aeronautical Engineering.

You've chosen a mighty interesting career, Sparks! Yes, you have all the qualifications for membership, so now you're a full-fledged Helping Hearter.

Dear Miss Lee:

Here is another girl who is very anxious to join your club. I have been reading letters from your pen pals and would love to have them write to me.

I am nineteen, about five feet four inches, have dark hair, blue eyes, an olive complexion, weigh 111 pounds and am not bad looking.

I like all kinds of sports, especially swimming and basketball. I adore dancing as I have danced on and off the stage most of my life. I am a good sport, don't smoke, drink or pet and yet am never lacking dates.

I love to write as journalism is my occupation. I would like to hear from Elmer of South Dakota and promise not to write business as I know how he feels; also T. of Penn., as I love music. How about you, Charles of St. Louis, and Texas Tramp? Also any of the girls who care to, write and I will answer.

I hope, Miss Lee, that I am accepted as a member and this letter inserted in your column before long.

Come one, come all! I promise to answer all letters from girls as well as boys promptly.

Hoping for a letter soon,

Babet of Chicago.

Do you know, Babet, that we have several pals in your city?

Dear Miss Lee:

In one of your *Moving Picture Stories* I found a letter from A Lone Eagle. I have just finished reading an issue of *True Stories* in which there was a story, word for word the same as Lone Eagle's letter under the title of "What Would You Have Done?" This was written by a girl left with a brother nine years old. Was Lone Eagle the writer of the same? Was he a girl or was she the Lone Eagle? No two persons could write so long an article and use the same words! You might get his answer for me as it would hardly be right for me to expect to hear from him as I am a wife and a mother. But, as this is the first time I've ever seen anything like this, I'm terribly curious.

Just Peggie.

I don't wonder you are curious. I didn't see the second letter you mention but I do know that our pal, Lone Eagle, is a boy as I have personally forwarded several letters to him. If he sees this, perhaps he will be interested in giving his opinion on this coincidence.

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Sweethearts on Parade

(*Continued from page 5*)

her guard against him. A kind, thoughtful friend, she considered him, the kindest and most thoughtful she had ever known. But Nita, with her superior knowledge of the world and men, tried repeatedly to warn her little roommate of her danger.

It was the night that the older girl found Helen busy in the kitchenette preparing her first dinner for Hendricks in their tiny apartment that Nita's worry reached its height. Her friend's sweet little face was flushed with a glow that did not come entirely from bending over the stove and her eyes were bright in anticipation of the coming visit.

"Well, I sure hope His Majesty appreciates the feed," Nita commented as she stood watching the little cook.

"Oh, he will," Helen assured her. "He was awfully pleased when I asked him up for a home-cooked dinner for my birthday. I told him he'd taken me out so much, I felt I just had to pay him back some way."

"And I suppose you thought food would do it," the older girl remarked significantly.

"I don't know what you mean." Helen's eyes were wide, puzzled.

"All right," Nita returned patiently. "I'll put it into words of no more than one syllable. When men like Hendricks take girls like you to dinner almost every night, they don't do it in hopes of getting a home-cooked meal."

"Of course they don't," Helen agreed smilingly. "They do it because they like to talk to the girl. Mr. Hendricks says he never met anybody who understood him like me."

"Not even his wife?" Nita questioned.

"Why, he isn't married." Helen was visibly shocked at the suggestion. "He wouldn't be asking me out if he had a wife."

"Watcha gonna do when Bill's ship gets back from battle practice?" the other asked. "How you gonna to explain little Rollo to him?"

Helen's face instantly became shadowed with doubt.

"I—I don't know what to do about Bill," she admitted.

"Well, believe me, you're gonna have to make up your mind. When he gets back, the way you understand this Hendricks baby ain't gonna be a patch on the way Bill's gonna understand him."

For the first time Helen flared up.

"I don't like the way you're always talking about Mr. Hendricks. I don't like the way you're forever casting aspersions at him."

Her friend became suddenly grave.

"Look here, honey, you ain't really fallin' for that guy, are you?"

"If you mean, do I like him, I do. I think he's the finest man I've ever known."

"But he isn't in our class, kid," Nita attempted to reason with her. "Can't you see—"

A ring at the door interrupted the discussion. Helen rushed around in a flurry, taking off her apron and straightening her hair before opening the door. But it wasn't the expected Hendricks who breezed into the room, but Bill, grinning boyishly at the surprise he had planned for his little sweetheart. He had gotten leave to return before the scheduled time in order to be on hand for her birthday. Seeing the table set for dinner, he was all enthusiasm. Nervously Helen explained that she hadn't expected him, that she hadn't prepared enough food for more than two people. But that didn't feeze Bill. There was a delicatessen store close by the apartment. He had money in his pocket, so what was there to worry about? In spite of her protests, he grabbed his cap to go out shopping. Just as he was leaving, the bell rang again. Helen paled. This must be Hendricks and Bill would be sure to start a fight. But she had another respite, for this time it was Hank, all eagerness to see his particular weakness—Nita.

"Well, if this isn't luck!" Bill greeted. "It's the kid's birthday and the girls were going to have a dinner party all alone. But now—oh, boy!"

"Alone?" Hank repeated, frankly puzzled. "Why I came to take Nita out—and she knew it."

Nita gave him a pinch to keep him quiet and the puzzled look in his eyes deepened. He had no idea what all the mystery was about. But, when Bill left on the interrupted trip to the delicatessen store, he found out.

"You see, it's this way, Hank," Helen explained breathlessly. "I'm having a friend for dinner and I can't ask you to stay because —" she was suddenly struck by a bright idea—"because we haven't enough knives and forks to go around."

This suited Hank all right.

"You needn't worry about us, kid," he told her. "Nita and I have plans of our own."

"But, Hank, I can't have Bill, either," she went on desperately. "You see, I'm expecting another friend and I don't think this—friend—and Bill will get along."

"The last night they met, Bill only blacked his eye, that's all," Nita chuckled.

"That dance hall dude?" Hank exclaimed, suddenly seeing the light.

"Yes—that's who it is," Helen admitted, visibly relieved that she could come out in the open. "You see why I can't have Bill here, don't you, Hank?"

"You bet I see," he returned.

"And you and Nita will take him along, won't you?"

Before Hank could answer, Nita broke in:

"Not on your life! You're making a fool of yourself, Helen. Bill's worth ten of that Hendricks guy and I'm not gonna help you ditch him."

"Please, Nita, you don't understand."

"Sure I understand, better than you do mebbe," the older girl returned. "I understand takin' Bill away tonight ain't gonna settle anything. You've gotta choose between 'em for yourself and nobody can help you. See? C'mon, Hank."

As, arm in arm, the two went through the door, Helen's eyes followed them and in their depths was a haunting fear of the scene that was soon to follow. A moment later Hendricks entered, his arms ladened with flowers and candy for Helen's birthday. Her face flushed with pleasure as he expressed his delight at the prospect of having a home-cooked dinner in her little apartment, a dinner prepared by her own hands. He had brought something to add to the occasion, he told her as he took a flask from his pocket and started to pour the contents into the two glasses that were standing on the table. But Helen never drank, she protested. He was just as glad she didn't but this was a special occasion and one that ought to be celebrated by breaking some of the everyday rules. Finally, under his urging, she consented to take "just a little sip". She was in the act of raising the glass when Bill rushed in, a gay song on his lips which broke off abruptly as his quick eyes took in the little scene. Nervously Helen started to introduce the two men but Bill make no acknowledgment of the introduction.

"I don't believe the lieutenant recognizes me," Hendricks said quickly, in the hope of breaking the tenseness of the situation.

"I ain't a lieutenant, I'm just a private and I recognize you all right," Bill said angrily. "You're the guy I socked in the dance hall."

"Please, Bill!" Helen pleaded, then she turned to Hendricks. "You see, Bill just got back tonight from battle practice," she explained hurriedly. "He wasn't expected back for another week."

"I see," Hendricks returned pleasantly. "Won't you join us in a cocktail, Mr. Howard?"

But Bill gruffly refused, mumbling something about never touching strange liquor.

"Then you'll pardon us," the other said politely as he raised his glass and motioned for Helen to do the same.

But, before she could touch her lips to it, Bill rushed over and put his hand over the top.

"Say, you're not going to drink that stuff, are you?" he warned. "He may have put knock-out drops in it."

One word led to another until Bill demanded that Helen make her choice between them. If she was his girl, as he had thought when he sailed away, she was not to go out with Hendricks; if she did, well—And Helen made her choice. She returned the little crystal ring he had given her and, with a reproachful, angry glance, Bill stalked from the apartment.

Hendricks breathed more freely when the door had closed after the marine and, to divert Helen's mind from the scene that had just passed, he took from his pocket a jewel case which brought exclamations of delighted surprise as she opened it and gazed at the beautiful bracelet against its satin lining. But, of course, she couldn't take it. Her mother had warned her that candy and flowers are the only gifts a good girl accepts from a man—unless, of course, she is engaged to him. Why not? Hendricks wanted to know. He loved her and could find no greater pleasure in life than showering gifts upon her.

Helen heard the words as if in a dream. The fortune teller's prophecy was coming true. She was going to marry a millionaire. She might even have three automobiles. She could hardly believe her own ears when she heard him planning to have her meet a party of friends on board his yacht that very night. He would introduce her as his fiancée.

Hendricks's yacht was a revelation to the little girl from Juneville. She had never seen anything like it, not even in the movies. And his friends! Why had he ever chosen her when he was surrounded by so many lovely, beautifully gowned women? My, she was a lucky girl! And he seemed so proud to introduce her to his friends. Her face glowed with excitement and her eyes were twin stars. No wonder the men of the party could not keep admiring glances from wandering her way!

WHEN Nita returned to the little apartment that night, she found a note from her roommate telling her that she had gone aboard Hendricks's yacht, that she was going to marry him. But the latter announcement did not assuage the older girl's fears; in fact, it increased them. She immediately got in touch with a newspaperman she knew and demanded the low-down on this fellow Hendricks. As she had suspected all the way along, she found out that he was married. His wife was in Mexico, her informer told her. But Nita didn't care where she was. She must find the little girl at once and save her—if, indeed, there was still time. Hank knew where Bill spent the hours when he wasn't with Helen and the three of them hurried down to the dock and commandeered a boat to take them to the yacht that could be seen in the distance, its bright lights sending out a merry glow across the water.

MEANWHILE, aboard the yacht, Hendricks conceived a bright idea. Why delay the marriage? His friends were all assembled—they could go out to the six-mile limit and his captain could perform the ceremony that night. Helen protested. She had always wanted to be married in a church—all of her friends had been. Besides, she wanted a wedding gown and a veil and all the things she had connected with a bride ever since her romantic girl-heart had first pictured herself in that rôle. But Hendricks used all his persuasion.

He wanted her for his wife at once, he couldn't stand the thought of another hour's separation.

Judy, one of the guests aboard the yacht, had a soft spot in her heart and the innocence of the little country girl touched it. Overhearing the conversation she approached the two.

"Wait a minute, kid," she said, putting a protecting hand on Helen's shoulder. "I've just made up my mind that this thing's gone far enough. I'm not going to stand by and see you get a dirty deal. Wake up to yourself, kid. They're all laughing at you, because they all know this bozo's already married."

Helen turned helplessly to Hendricks.

"Is that true?" she asked. The man did not answer but his shifting eyes told her it was. "Oh, let me go home, please let me go home," she pleaded.

"Not on your life," Hendricks returned. "You're here now and you're going to stay."

He reached out and pulled her roughly to him. She shuddered as his lips met hers and struggled with all her strength to free herself from his grasp.

"No, no, don't touch me!" she sobbed.

"Don't be silly! I'm not going to let you go," Hendricks told her stubbornly.

At that moment there was a sound of hurrying footsteps along the deck and Helen glanced over her shoulder into the welcome eyes of Bill Howard.

"Bill!" she sobbed hysterically.

The boy's gaze met hers coldly.

"I came to tell you this wampus is married."

"Yes—I—I know," she sobbed.

"And you're marrying him anyway? Say, what sort of a fool are you?"

"Bill, Bill, wait a minute, let me explain," she pleaded.

The marine's eyes were flashing angrily now and even the sight of Helen's tears did not soften his rage.

"You needn't explain. If you're so crazy about him that his being married doesn't make any difference, I'm just butting in."

At that juncture, Nita hurried up to the group.

"He ain't married," she cried. "He only thinks he is. His wife got a divorce in Mexico this mornin'. Here's Martin, his chauffeur, we picked up at the dock. He's got a telegram breakin' the glad news."

Hendricks snatched the telegram from Martin's hand and read it with wide-eyed consternation.

"If we'd been married tonight" Helen began timidly.

"It'd been legal," Nita finished for her.

"I guess you won't be so anxious to go on with the wedding now, Henny, old boy," his friend, Parker, put in, seemingly well pleased with the turn of events. Hendricks mopped his brow.

"Why, I—I—I hardly know—"

Bill stepped nearer to him, his fist clenched, his lips set grimly.

"You bet your boots you'll go on with the wedding. You'll marry her—and like it, do you hear?"

"Oh, I will, will I?" Hendricks sneered as he squared off without warning and hit Bill across the face. Then Bill let swing and soon had the older man by the throat and was shaking him violently.

"Now will you marry her?" he demanded.

Hendricks nodded weakly.

"And like it?" Bill demanded.

"And—l—l—like it."

MEANWHILE, Helen had stood by, watching the scene with quivering lips. Now she rushed up to Bill, exclaiming wildly:

"But, Bill, I don't want to marry him! I hate him! Please, please take me away!"

Bill gazed at her in surprise. One of the conditions on which she had consented to wear his little crystal ring was that he would subdue the fighting spirit—and here he was at it worse than ever.

"But I've been fighting again, Helen," he said sheepishly.

"I don't care. I'm glad," she breathed timidly.

Bill hugged her to him.

"You know that old uncle I told you about, sweetheart?" he whispered eagerly. "Well, he wrote to me again. He's ninety and he wants me to come up and live on his farm."

"Oh, Bill," she breathed, "I always did want to live on a farm!"

She glanced around sheepishly to be sure that Nita had not heard her voice that ambition. But Nita and Hank were busy with their own affairs in which farms also played a prominent part, farms and chickens and other growing things.

The Sea Bat

(*Continued from page* 16)

"What you want us to do?"

"Come on, I'll show you." At his nod, they followed him from the shop.

DOWN at the pier, Sims helped Nina gently into a boat, then jumped in after her and started to raise the sails.

"Look!" Nina exclaimed suddenly with the joyousness of a child starting out on a picnic. "You will not starve. I bring mooch food." She pointed to a bundle she had hidden under a tarpaulin.

"Good!" he approved as he continued to busy himself with the sails.

"Where we steer for?" she asked eagerly.

"Any place you like, darling. It's up to you now. Devil's Island, if you say so, and I'll finish out my term."

"No, no," she exclaimed in sudden alarm. "You theenk I let those devils get you. If ever you do wrong, I know you'll never do it again. I know a place all hid away—weeth beeg bread-fruit tree—and—flower—flower everywhere and—a waterfall like many pearls shinin' in the sunlight."

Sims's face lighted up with anticipation. But the necessity of getting away from the island with all possible speed did not permit him to pause in his work. Finally the sails were unfurled and he leaped up on the dock to unfasten the ropes from the moorings. Then Nina gave a horrified shriek. But she was too late. Juan came up behind Sims and struck him over the head with a piece of iron. He slumped down at the edge of the dock and the two divers, who had been in back of their leader, jumped forward, ready for action.

"Now get heem into the boat and tie him up good," Juan took command of the situation.

Like a fury, Nina climbed up to the dock and attacked the Spaniard wildly, screaming:

"You peeg—you coward!"

"Hold her back!" Juan commanded Nicolai.

The man seized the girl in an iron grip but still she continued to scream:

"Don't take heem away, don't!"

Juan, paying no attention to her outcry, threw the body into the bottom of the boat.

"Cast off," he directed. "We tie heem as we go." Boris loosened the boat. "Don't worry about losing heem," Juan shouted back to the girl. "We bring back money instead. Let her loose now, Nicolai. We breeng back your share."

Released, Nina jumped into the shallow water at the edge of the beach, sobbing pitifully. But the boat was out several yards now, her sails filling to the wind. The girl waded out into deep water, her arms outstretched, her sobs sending their cry of torture out after the boat. Deeper into the water she waded, utterly regardless of the gray waves that broke over her head, intent only upon rescuing her lover. But soon she saw it was hopeless. No longer could she fight the waves and the boat was now skimming along, the white sails becoming smaller and smaller as Boris guided it down the moonlit path.

"Don't leave me—*vita mia*—I wait for you—*alma mia*—"

Her cries broke off in a breathless gasp as she began to fight her way back to shore.

(*Continued in Moving Picture Stories dated Oct.* 21*st*)

Helping Hearts Club

(*Continued from page* 23)

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I am one of your ardent readers and am yearning to join your club.

I would like to hear from either sex, and I promise everyone will get an answer even if it takes my great grand-children to answer.

Well, pals, I come from the smallest state in the Union, have light brown wavy hair, a pair of dark eyes, and a very light clear complexion, weigh 118 pounds, and am five and one-half feet in height. I am a Junior (third year) at our high school, and I go in for sports.

I would very much like to hear from Billy of Ohio, Doug of the Lake State, Dimples of Missouri, Pagliaccio, and, of course, I would love to hear from A Lone Eagle.

I have plenty of stationary, stamps and ink, so come on pen pals, I'll be waiting. Rosemary of Rhody.

I played your town once, Rosemary, and I think it's just adorable. From there we motored to the next stand, Hollyoke, Mass. What a ride that was, all through the mountains with tea at Sweetheart Inn hanging on the side of one of them! Waffles and maple sugar! I'd ride several miles to get that treat again.

(*Continued on page* 28)

And He Might Have Been An Engineer

(*Continued from page 9*)

were in their infancy with the surface merely scratched and the salary offered our hero was thirty dollars a week, not a cent less. He accepted it gladly. After several rôles had been played to the satisfaction of director and producer, young Colman received the glittering offer of a contract with regular salary. Under this contract he played a young Jewish pugilist who knocked out a bigger man in the ring. It was the first picture in which Colman saw himself on the screen and his reaction was an immediate determination to return to the stage and never again appear in a film.

Somewhere in these London days he met and married a young actress, fascinating and temperamental. It lasted only a short time. They had been separated for years when she appeared in Hollywood one day, or rather evening, occupying the seat next to her husband's in a theatre — to his immense amazement and distress. He left the theatre at once. At least, this is the story. At any rate she went to Hollywood and their long separation finally became a legal divorce. Colman never speaks of her and it is doubtful that he will think of matrimony again, for a long time, anyway.

It was as a stage actor that the young Englishman came to America to haunt theatrical agencies in New York and live for a lean time on rice pudding and soup.

Finally came a part in "East is West" that took him to California. When the production played in Los Angeles, Colman decided to try his luck at the studios. He found a casting agent who looked up in a bored way when a modest young man said:

"Do you think there is a chance for me in Hollywood?"

"I wonder," remarked the smart young casting agent and Colman retreated.

History does not state whether or not the casting agent has since torn his hair at the memory of this wisecrack.

Back on Broadway there was a part in "La Tendresse" with Ruth Chatterton, then a brilliant and talented girl who translated the play from the French and enacted the leading role. In Hollywood they have recalled this first meeting. Henry Miller was manager of the company and liked Colman who was given every opportunity in the excellent part. At last a genuine career on the stage seemed open to him.

It happened, however, that Lilian Gish saw "La Tendresse" one evening. She was on the eve of sailing for Italy to film "The White Sister." This young Ronald Colman, whoever he might be, looked just right for the part of the lover, not yet assigned. Henry King, director for Miss Gish, called on Colman, who said:

"No, thank you."

Then Miss Gish used her persuasion. Between them they induced Colman, most unwillingly, to sail with the company and try the part. He could go back to the New York stage when the picture was completed.

Instead, he remained for one more picture, "Romola," and then the fan mail began to pour in. Hollywood sat up and took notice of a new leading man. Samuel Goldwyn beat other producers to Italy with a contract, and Colman was on his way to Hollywood. The rest is a familiar story.

There were several pictures, "Tarnish," "His Supreme Moment," "Sporting Venus" and "Her Sister from Paris," the last two with Constance Talmadge, before "The Dark Angel" made film history. In this Colman played opposite Vilma Banky, the Hungarian beauty whom Goldwyn brought from Budapest. They were perfect foils for each other in appearance, Vilma's golden loveliness against Colman's dark good looks. And they played in perfect rhythm, with a touch of inspiration and restrained pathos that the fans found thrilling.

"The Winning of Barbara Worth," "The Night of Love," "The Magic Flame" and "Two Lovers" were all overwhelmingly successful with the Colman-Banky combination. Then it was time for each to star in his and her own right.

As a star, Colman's greatest success has been, possibly, the role of *Bulldog Drummond,* although in "The Rescue" and "Condemned" he scored briliantly. "Raffles," his latest release, promises to rival "Bulldog Drummond".

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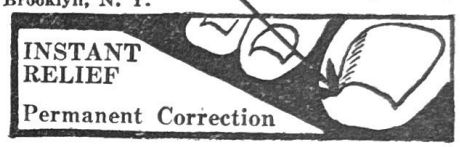

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That's That

(Continued from page 11)

cidentally, plays with him in the picture, a travesty on war dramas, with human speech synchronized in.

* * *

GRETA GARBO now has spoken in three languages for the microphone, all for "Anna Christie," her first talkie.

Helping Hearts Club

(Continued from page 26)

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I have been reading your wonderful column. I was so surprised to read such wonderful letters that surely only educated and refined young boys and girls would write. I have read this magazine only twice and am amazed to find such an intellectual person as you are, writing for this magazine. Why, you should have this admirable club started in every magazine of note! I would like to join your club. Why it would be just thrilling if you will let me!

I am eighteen years old, with large sparkling brown eyes, trimmed with dark curly lashes, golden-brown hair, five feet three, weigh 105 lbs., rosebud lips, rosy cheeks and a clear olive complexion, petite looking and am very popular because of my pleasing personality.

I just love to write letters. I am a freshman in college. I would love to hear from everyone as I love to make friends.

I am interested in aviation and all other sports.

Thanking you in advance, I am,

Yours sincerely,

Lily of Brooklyn.

P. S.—I would gladly give my photograph to those who wish it.

Now Lily, you'll have to begin to save all your nickels and dimes for that photograph man. I'm glad you like the letters of my gang. I think they're great myself. You're very sweet and complimentary to me, too. But let me tell you a secret—and I mean it—I'd rather be conducting our club than editing the *Saturday Evening Post*. I hope the worthy editor of said perfectly splendid magazine won't feel hurt—but, then, since it's a secret, we're not going to tell him anything about it, are we? There's nothing on earth so wonderful as being satisfied with one's job.

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r Rosemary Lee:

I have been reading *Moving Pic-* Stories for a considerable period of time, and it is needless for me to state that I've enjoyed every story contained therein, especially your Helping Hearts Club. I would love to join it. Here's hoping all future editions of your publication will prove as interesting as the past copies have been!

A friend of mine who also reads M. P. S. said that very few of the readers would care to correspond with a New Yorker, but I am very confident of the fact that those who are residing in the South, West, Southwest, and also in the various other states are just as eager to learn things about this, the largest populated city in the world, as I am to learn many things about their respective cities and states.

Therefore, I will be anxiously looking forward to seeing this letter printed in an early edition of *Moving Picture Stories*.

I am twenty-four years of age, have brown hair, gray eyes, weigh 138 pounds, and am five feet, four inches tall.

I love all wholesome sports, shows and dancing, and can discuss many interesting topics with anyone who wishes to write to me. So come one, come all and give this "lil fellow" a chance to prove that this New Yorker can and will hold the interest of outsiders.

Hoping that I'll find my mailbox filled with letters shortly and promising to answer all letters real soon, I will now "sign off."

Wishing *Moving Picture Stories* and Helping Hearts Club continued success, I remain,

Sincerely,
Dave of New York.

I disagree with your friend, absolutely and positively. I think the rest of the world is keenly interested in New York and New Yorkers. I think they're pretty nice, myself.

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I should like very much to become a member of your club. Will you kindly admit me?

I am a young man of Jewish descent, twenty-one years of age and a high school graduate although, from the appearance of this little letter, the last statement may bring doubt to the minds of many.

I am at the present time engaged in the selling of magazines, tobacco and other merchandise of this nature.

I can assure any of the girls who write to me that their letters will receive a very prompt answer.

My store keeps me busy from six-thirty A.M. 'till late P.M. daily.

I should like to hear from all the Jewish boys and girls in your column between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two, particularly from All Alone of West Va.

Marie M. of St. Louis asks for letters from young men between the ages of twenty-three and twenty-six. I wonder if she would correspond with some one two years below her age limit. What do you think, Miss Lee? Hershel.

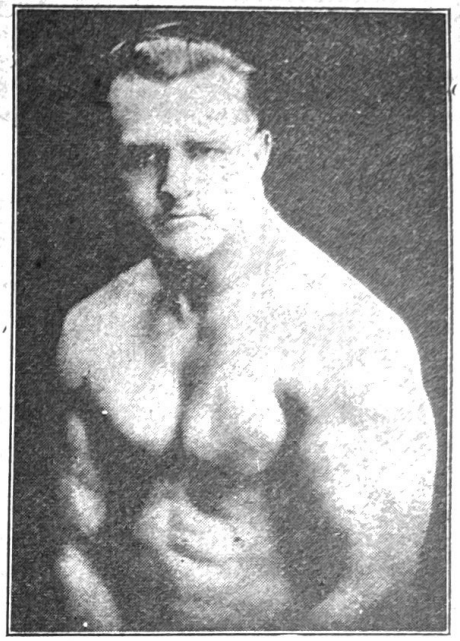
Personally, I think she would. But, then, the only way to be sure is to write to her.

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I picked up your magazine for the first time today and, ever since I laid eyes on your Helping Hearts Club, I've been gobbling up the letters. Your club is keen! And the letters—they're perfect! You must be well nigh perfect yourself—the swell letters you write to them! I wish you'd let me be a member. I love to write! I'm always doing it, much to the sorrow of the greater number of my friends, who usually find themselves up against long letters of twenty and thirty pages. Really! I wrote a letter once—fifty pages, typewritten at that! I think it must have taken about a month to read because along about a month and a half later I got an answer—one whole page! Some folks are like that!

But I still like to write 'em long and get 'em the same way. I have written to a girl for thirteen years and I never saw her until last week. We both started writing as soon as we could hold a pencil and make Xses. We've been writing steadily ever since. It was a thrill to meet her and get acquainted all over again. Now we like each other loads more than before, if that's possible. Letter-writing opens such wonderful opportunities for making friends. I am anxious to begin. You will let me become a member, won't you, and become a friend of yours and all your other friends in the club?

I ought to say one word about myself—but that's the painful part. Well, to begin—I'm nineteen, almost twenty. You wouldn't believe it,



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Look Yourself Over!

How do you shape up? Are you giving yourself a square deal? Have you got those big rolling muscles that mean health and strength inside and out? The vitality that gives you the ambition to win out at everything you start? Make that girl admire you first and foremost for a real he-man and the hardest part in winning her is over.

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In 30 days I can do you over so that she will hardly know you. I'll put a whole inch of solid muscle on each arm in 30 days, and two whole inches of rippling strength across your chest. I've done it for over a hundred thousand others, and I can do it for you. I don't care how weak and puny you are. I like to get them weak and puny, because it's the hopeless cases that I work with best. It gives me a lot of real joy just to see them develop and the surprised look in their eyes when they step before the mirror at the end of 30 days and see what a miracle I have worked.

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If at the end of 30 days you think you have improved, wait till you see yourself at the end of 90 days. Then the friends you thought were strong will seem like children by comparison. I'm not called the Muscle Builder for nothing. My system scientifically builds real muscle faster than you ever imagined.

Watch Them Turn Around

Notice how every woman prefers the fellow who carries himself with head up. Notice how the broad shouldered man always gets their eye. They want a dependable he-man when they make their choice—one who can protect them. And you can be that man. Remember, I not only promise it—I GUARANTEE IT.

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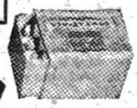

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would you? Here's a secret. Promise not to tell? I *can* be serious, but it's an awful strain. I just finished Business College after graduating from high school. I suppose my destination is to pound a typewriter (I'd better do it better than this) the whole of my life but I have a lot of aspirations. And are they high? Whew! I want to go to college and absorb all I can of art and dramatics and music and writing. I'm interested in them all—and how! Right now my hobby—one of them—is making pastel portraits of the stars. I have several, Garbo, Valentino, Banky, etc. (And they're good, too. Of course *I* don't know, but that's what I've heard.) I even dabble in originals and scenery, but don't get me wrong, I'm not one of those "arty" critters with a flowing tie and wavy whiskers. But that's an idea—I might look a whole heap better with flowing (or was it wavy) whiskers, a slightly "mad" reputation and a dazed expression. But to get on with this description—I'm nineteen (don't forget—nearly twenty), gray eyes, light brown hair, five feet eleven and almost a half with a naturally gleeful disposition that has an ornery nack of making me continually "stick my foot in it." I like sports, especially water sports, dancing, singing, ukes, new moons and "regular fellows." And the girls—my weakness!

I'd better sign off pronto or you'll go to sleep over this letter. Let me be a member please. I'll try to be good.

I'd like to hear from Dimples B. of Brooklyn. She sounds like a "regular fellow" to me.

Cal o' Fornia.

My, but you're a cute trick! Per-

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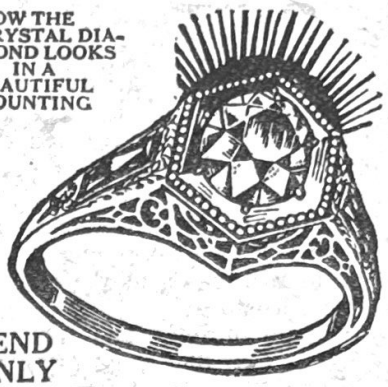

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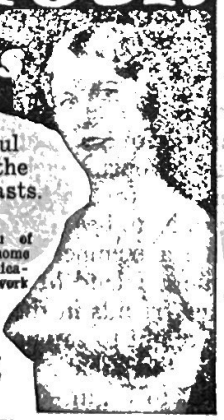

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haps that's the way they grow 'em out your way. But then people are pretty much the same the world over, Haven't you found it so? Or haven't you been over it yet? But I forgot. Since you're "almost twenty," I imagine you're half-way back by this time. "Typewritten at that," you say. Perhaps, if that fifty-page letter hadn't been, you'd still be waiting for the one-page answer. The only use I have for handwriting is on a check—the other fellow's. I'm not keen about the permanently waved whiskers, either. I prefer them braided—if at all. No, your letter didn't make me sleepy, in fact, it served to awaken me for the "nonce." Now I'm so much that way that I'm getting silly. The assistant editor is completely out in a dark corner of the *Eagle* office. He's supposed to be reading proofs. Wait until the editor sees him! But her eyes are half closed, too. Maybe, looking out of the other half, she'll think he's a feather duster. He has long hair but no violin—and no wavy whiskers. Zounds, I hope she won't begin to dust my letters off with him! Since you like to write so well, why not go into the newspaper game? You don't get much money but, oh, you do have a lot of fun! And the money you get you spend for coffee trying to keep awake to get more money to get more coffee. Now you'll know I'm silly. Anyway, you'll know I'm truthful. Goodness, it's almost another day and I have to go on the air waves again! But, at that, it's more comfortable than going on the wavy whiskers. Better quit now. If I stop the typewriter, the editor may go to sleep entirely before she fires the assistant and sends me along to keep him company. Rosemary Lee going off the waves and coming up for air!

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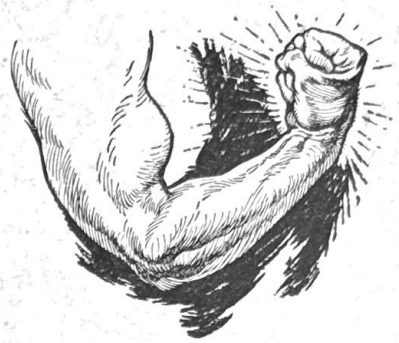

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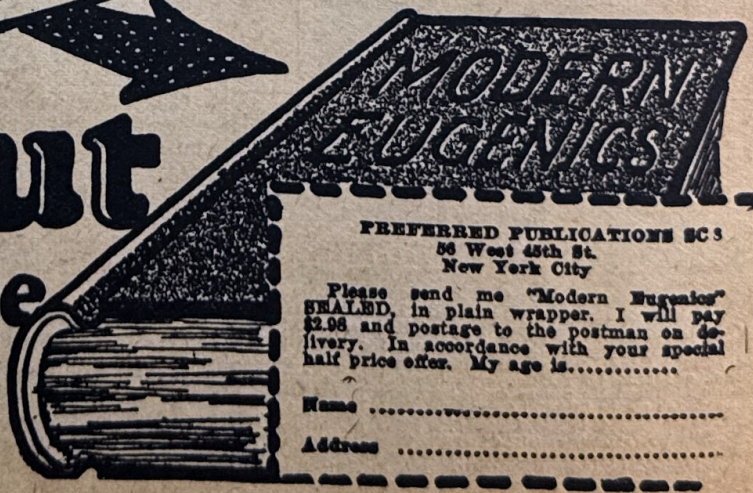

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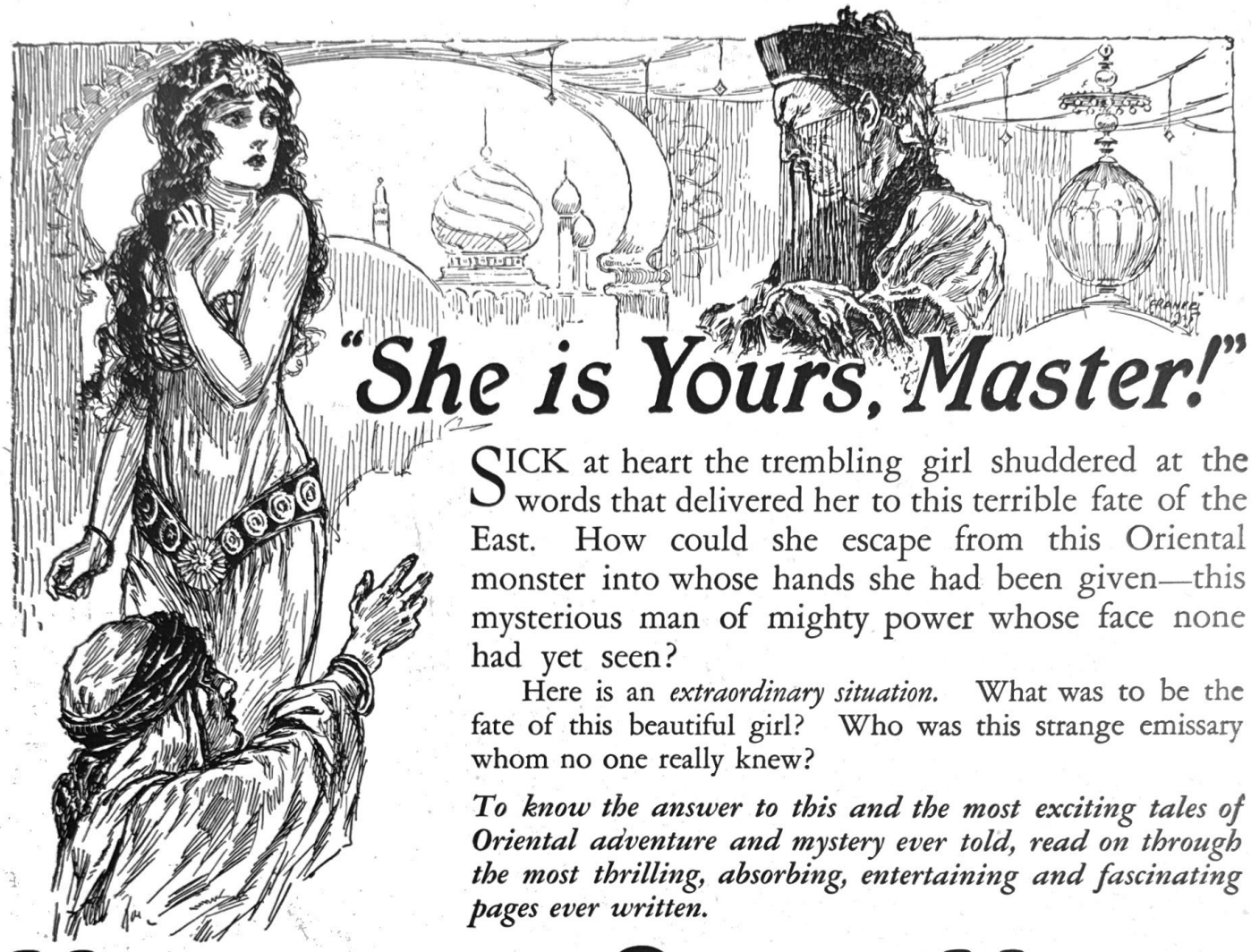

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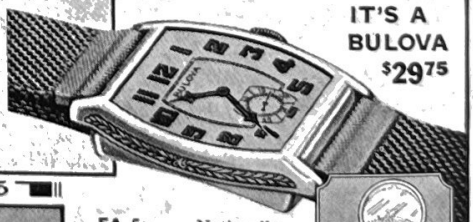

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